



M. Rowley
81



SKY RIVER ROCK FESTIVAL & LIGHTER THAN AIR FAIR

WILL PRESENT THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST'S FIRST MAJOR MUSIC
FESTIVAL OVER LABOR DAY WEEKEND, AUG. 31 -through- SEPT. 2.

AS A **BENEFIT** for American Indian and
Black American Organizations

ON SKY RIVER ROCK FESTIVAL STAGES will appear the music being
made in America today... music of many kinds freely mixed... FOLK
MUSIC... ELECTRIC ROCK... BLUE GRASS... URBAN BLUES.....
STRING BAND MUSIC... COUNTRY & WESTERN... EXPER. GUITAR..
....and COMEDY....

The Northwest has never had a major music festival... and now
our time has come through the generosity of performing artists
who are donating their services. The response to the invitation
to come here and make music for a benefit has been astonishing.
The artists who will be performing are listed on the back cover.

And also, as well as music, the SKY RIVER ROCK FESTI-
VAL AND LIGHTER THAN AIR FAIR will offer THEATRE,
HOT BALLOONS, FOOD, FACILITIES, ARTS, CRAFTS,
SPECIAL EVENTS, in an atmosphere of easy gatherings
from SATURDAY THROUGH LABOR DAY.

A large area for SLEEPING-BAG CAMPING has been set aside, wea-
ther permitting, but there is no room for tents, campers, or trailers.

tickets



ADULTS: Junior High School (7th grade) and older
YOUNG PEOPLE: 5 years through 6th grade (use student cards for ID)
CHILDREN under 5 years are admitted free

advance

ADULTS FESTIVAL.....\$6
(all events for all three days)
YOUNG PEOPLE FESTIVAL
(all events for all 3 days).\$3

NOTE

Young people's tickets
are NOT being sold in
advance. However,
holders of Adult Festi-
val Advance Tickets
may purchase reduced
price Young People's
Festival tickets at the
gate.

gate

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| ADULT..... | \$8 |
| YOUNG PEOPLE FESTIVAL..... | \$4 |
| ADULT SINGLE DAY..... | \$4 |
| YOUNG PEOPLE SINGLE DAY..... | \$2 |
| ADULT SUNDAY AND MONDAY..... | \$6 |
| YOUNG PEOPLE SUNDAY AND MONDAY..... | \$3 |

TICKETS WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING ticketoriums:

SEATTLE AREA: Discount Records, Shoreline, Warehouse,
Summerise's, Little Record, Farmers, Kaspers, Bell-
Book-Candle. SPOKANE: Vanguard Books. EVERETT: Car-
ousel. VAN. B. C. : Psychedelic Shop. PORTLAND: Green Mit.



V
Many VOLUNTEERS
have already helped get the
festival and fair ready. We es-
pecially need experienced DRIV-
ERS with cars, vans, pickups, and
TRUCKS in general for service now
and during the Festival. Call
AT 4 - 7081 or stop by 114 Ward to
volunteer. We also need chairs
Tables
Silverware
Plates
ETC.

WE STILL HAVE ROOM FOR
ADDITIONAL ARTS AND CRAF-
TS EXHIBITS OR SALES. CALL
OR DROP BY AS ABOVE.....

AT 4 7081

114 WARD

A

K

W
HEAD NORTH TOWARD MON-
ROE. FROM THERE SIGNS
WILL GUIDE YOU. A MAP
IS PRINTED ON THE BACK
OF ADVANCE TICKETS....

"I'VE LIVED HERE
IN THIS CITY
FOR OVER 40
YEARS!...AND
NEVER ONCE
HAVE I BEEN
BRUTALIZED
BY THE
POLICE!!"

**MAYOR
BRAMAN**



R. COBB

The pattern is clearer than ever. Kids throw rocks at cars. Police make a few arrests. A crowd gathers. Police use tear gas to disperse the crowd. A bigger crowd. More cops more tear gas. The ghetto becomes a battle ground. Almost every night the tactical force is called out into the Central Area. Teargassing becomes a nightly event. The press in an effort to promote the general peace and maintain order suppressed factual news in favor of brief bland reports relegated to page 5 or 15. The Central Area is cut off from the rest of the city. The streets are blocked off at night. Rumor becomes the only credible source of information. The City sets up a counter Rumor Center to spread by word of mouth the Official Point of View. Liberals worry and discuss. Radicals argue and fuck. Conservatives and revolutionaries arm themselves. The mayor and the city council plea for order and request all kids are kept at home. Touching concern from Your City Government. The weather changes and all dies down.

Until the City decides it's time for another move. Somehow "pinko" lawyers have rescued the popular leaders of the insurrection from the crushing arms of the law. More charges are pressed, something absurd, like stealing a typewriter, for example. The leaders thrown in jail again. More demonstrations and "incidents." More tear gas, but this time the police mean business. Anyone who gets in their way is gassed. One of their clan has been shot. Suspected apartments are broken into, tear gassed, ransacked, and abandoned. This time the press is a little wiser. Some of their own people have been beaten by police. That is know in other circles as "instant niggerization." Mass arrest of almost everything that moves bring a nervous quiet. This offends some of the most stuffed nose liberals. They rush to action. Meetings every night. Appointments made with the Mayor. Bloody clothing waved in front of his nose as evidence of Police Brutality. Heads of Committees, Task Forces, Groups, and Concerned Citizens meet with the mayor. He expects them to applaud his wisdom and restraint in handling "the problem." Many of the liberals are black and mad. They tell the mayor what they think. He gets mad, red in the face (a few tears perhaps, Dorm) and storms out of the room. The liberals wait patiently as reasonable people do, the Mayor returns with his apologies... the meetings go on, the committees commit, the citizens return to their concern convinced they've got him on the run this time. The Radicals meanwhile take a peek out of their bedrooms and broom closets and decide it's time for ACTION and CONFRONTATION. The Mayor has been shaken up. Everybody in town is after his hide. Maybe he should replace the Chief of Police and blame it all on him. Maybe he should set up a black precinct maybe he should... and he does... delegate a few Police Officers to investigate their own and process complaints. This move accomplishes little, but temporarily mollifies an important few. THE MAYOR HAS MOVED... (or tried to give that impression). Meanwhile, back in the Ghetto nothing has changed.

This whole process continues on and on in ever tightening circles until there is absolute madness and chaos: harmless committee folk plot the destruction of freeways and bridges. Radicals propose moderate programs. Reactionaries vote for Doctor Spock. Only the police remain relatively sane... issuing a statement through the Benevolent Order of Policemen... "We will keep order even if it means going against the orders of our chiefs" today's P-I)

August is almost over....

TH



Politics Is War

FAKE

GRASS

FAKE?

The University of California School of Pharmacology has recently tested ten samples of drugs distributed as THC, or synthetic marijuana. The results were negative; not one of them turned out to be tetrahydrocannabinol.

The pills, which have recently become very popular in every underground community in the nation, most commonly appear as white, pink or blue capsules.

Samples tested were collected from several San Francisco Bay area communities by Dr. David Smith, director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic. After laboratory testing, Dr. Smith reported that "most of the stuff tested turned out to be what has been called 'hog'."

"Hog" is Benectyline, a mild tranquilizer used medically to treat psychotics. According to local heads, the drug can bring on either depression or euphoria.

Some pills tested also showed traces of LSD and methamphetamine, or speed. This drug is well known, but there are 17 steps in making it. It's a complicated process and an expensive one.

Dr. Smith suggested that, even if black market THC became available, its price would be prohibitive.

The hardest job any reporter can have is convincing his audience of something they don't want to believe, that "police brutality" is not an abstraction but means that some one is getting his ribs broken, his head cracked. Words can't convince; even still pictures can't do the job: people who will swallow a fuzzy snapshot of a garbage can lid as the first invaders from Jupiter can rationalize static suffering and stationary violence. It takes sharp full color movies with synchronized soundtrack and instant replay to convince them that COPS BEAT PEOPLE UP.

On Friday, August 9th, KING-TV ran some footage worth its weight in gold, rubies, affidavits, or Riot Commissions. While the instant mashed potatoes congealed on their plates, the good people of Seattle watched their policemen beating a man, crowding a camera man and breaking his camera, shouting taunts, etc. It was a powerful performance. KING even gave the last full measure of devotion-- they preempted 18 minutes of Johnny Carson to repeat the film.

Viewer response was immediate and lively. Phone calls split about 50-50 pro and con. Letters averaged almost 100% pro but then, as one KING employee remarked, to write a letter you have to be able to read and write.

The snag--ah, you knew there would be one--the snag is that not everyone who needs to see the film saw it on Friday. Many of the calls to KING were asking for prints of it. KING ran a special showing over their closed circuit intramural TV for their own employees who missed the show. It would take many showings to reach even a majority of those interested, much less everyone, and this is precisely a case where saturation coverage is called for, i.e., the cops and the public's noses should be rubbed in the incident until they are raw.

Well, saturation is just not going to be possible, for whatever reason. At a meeting on Monday, the 12th, "it was decided" to deny access to the film to those requesting it. "They decided that they did not want to get the whole thing blown up out of proportion," said the young lady on the switchboard when I called. Warren Guykema, KING news director went into more detail with less clarity. He explained that he and KING felt that they had fulfilled their obligation to the public already, that they could not in reason be expected to continue running the film until everyone was satisfied, that they could hardly be expected to supply prints to anyone requesting them. He explained and explained, and his explanations are good ones. But they are not good enough. Whatever the reason, however good, if those photographs cease to be available to the public in some form or other before every ounce of juice is wrung from them, KING is committing one of those peculiar moral crimes whose punishment is visited on someone else. Their release, as KING realizes, would be a political act--but broken cameras and beatings and illegal searches and busts are political acts too: Von Clausewitz got it backwards: war is not an extension of politics. Politics is a specialized form of war. If KING keeps the ammo under wraps, our boys are going to die.



pfp takeover

4

The Peace and Freedom Party held its State Convention in the University District last weekend. All the old miscellaneous leftovers watched the young radical University PFP effectively take over the convention and pass its programs and candidates. The University PFP was formed less than a month ago under the impetus of Alex Forman of California and has adopted its basic programs and style from the parent group to the south.

Clayton Van Lydegraf, who coaxed and guided the UPFP into existence, made opening remarks to the Convention: "we do not play old games or follow old rules...what you do is more important than whom you elect..when the nation is one big prison, dropping out is an illusion." Other opening speakers were Barbara Winslow, who spoke of "feeling the exploitive nature of American Capitalism," and Bob Armstrong, who introduced the programs and orientation of the University PFP: its membership is open to all regardless of age, the leadership will take the form of coordinating committees, its concern is organization and education on a community level and subordinates electoral politics to that goal. A report and support was heard from a representative of SDS in Tacoma. Robbie Stern spelled out the need for PFP members to become "fulltime radicals not just election radicals." The basic Policy Guidelines (see box on this page) presented by the new University group were passed with only irritating minor squabbles and one attempt at a wordy amendment which was defeated. Of the 75 present at the Convention, 50 were from UPFP so little difficulty was encountered. The Convention (chaired by a member of the old PFP Bowling League who liked to tell hairlip jokes) finally recognized Aaron Dixon co-captain of the Seattle Black Panthers, who had to wait through an hour of parliamentary dicker over minor points raised by some of the old lefters more in an effort to understand than halt the takeover. Dixon's speech was brief and to the point: An armed revolution is necessary for the defense of the Black community. There can be no vacillating on the part of the radical vanguard. The PFP had not shown him it was ready for a coalition with the Panthers yet. "...the Peace and Freedom Party has no unity and without unity there can be no

action...." A grey-haired voice from the audience asked, "Have you ever heard of Democracy?" Aaron looked at the speaker and said, "No, I haven't." The final resolve of the Convention was to seek a coalition with the Panthers along the lines established by the California Party.

The next point on the agenda was the nominating of candidates for President. As predicted, the old folks went for a Doctor Spock, Mrs. Martin Luther King ticket, a free hip delegation that walked in just in time to vote supported Dick Gregory, and the University PFP supported Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information of the Black Panthers. Proportional representation was approved by the convention and the five note Washington Delegation was split 3½ for Cleaver, 1 for Gregory and ½ for Spock.

The takeover of the State Party by the University group was made complete later in the evening when a Continuous Committee was chosen to structure the next convention on September 17 when candidates will be placed on the State ballot. That Committee is headed by and largely composed of members from the University Group.

The NEW PFP promises to be extremely active in community projects and issues. The nucleus of a Capitol Hill PFP has already been formed around support for the candidacy of E. J. Brisker and Curtis Harris for positions in the 37th District. The University group meetings are open to anyone who wishes to attend, discussion is free, and anyone who attends may vote. In a sense, the loose PFP "community club" structure is a return to the idea and spirit of the "Town Meeting." The next Peace and Freedom Party Meeting will be at the Free University, 1215 NE 40th, Friday, August 16, at 7:30 p.m. Information, and talk can be had by dialing EA 2-8703 or ME 2-2299 or ME 2-24663.

PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY is an independent, permanent radical political party, permanently separate and distinct from any other political party. We see the Democratic-Republican party as part of the system in which the economic and social interests of a few determine the policies which bear major responsibility for the evils against which we are committed to fight. We are the beginning of a new national radical political movement, in clear opposition to these parties, rather than a mere pressure group upon them.

The PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY stands for immediate unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam and is in opposition to the imperialistic and exploitative thrust of American foreign and domestic policy, of which the war in Vietnam is only one horrifying result and the brutal repression of dissent in this country is another.

The PFP supports the Black Liberation movement in its struggle for equality and self-determination. We support similar movements among Mexican-Americans, Indians, and other oppressed peoples.

The PFP supports poor people workers, students and other groups in their struggle for political, social and economic justice and control over those institutions which dominate their lives. The right to unite for mutual protection, to strike and to demonstrate is an inviolable part of that struggle. We reject the oppressive and repressive role of the Armed Forces and defend the rights and the resistance efforts of servicemen.

The PFP supports and promotes the struggle for women's right to equality in all areas of society--economic, legal and political. We therefore also encourage the participation of women in all levels of leadership within the PFP.

The PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY was formed to unite those movements which are dedicated to the preceding principles and to create for those movements a focus and political expression. We are committed to democratic procedures which enable all members to shape policy and direction. We believe electoral action is valid only in a context which includes political organizing, political education, direct action and other non-electoral forms of political action.

The PFP supports: 1. the candidacy of Eldridge Cleaver for President and the nomination of a candidate from the State for Vice-President.

2. Supports the candidacy of E. J. Brisker and Curtis Harris for positions #1 and #2 in the 37th District.

3. endorses the Black Panther Ten Point Program. THE NEXT MEETING OF THE UNIVERSITY PFP IS FRIDAY, AUGUST 16th at 7:30 at the FREE "U", 1215 NE 40th. Call EA28703, ME22463

SCOTT WHITE, WASHINGTON STATE DELEGATE TO THE PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY NATIONAL CONVENTION AND ROVING HELIX REPORTER TO WHATEVER IN CHICAGO.





BOEING EMPLOYEES:
You are invited to contribute
to YOUR newspaper. You
know how to reach us, baby.

FREAK

*****747 lower torque box riveter 65-40354-27, Badge 3067, Building 1085, Bay 44, Dock C5, Shift One, pay: salaried Class D, name Krazwell, Harold J., nickname "Happy" was injured yesterday in a freak accident in Everett.

"I dropped a friggin' brick on my foot," stated Krazwell to this reporter. The accident occurred when the plucky ex-marine was attempting to stone a "long-haired weirdo Communist prevert" who had stupidly been hired by Boeing personnel. Boeing chairman William "Bill" Allen, Badge 1, immediately ordered a Pride in Excellence award for the injured laborer-extremist, citing his diligence, perseverance, and at the same time avoiding any lawsuit that might be forthcoming from Krazwell.

A "Get Well" card is being circulated this week for the 100,000 employees to sign. BE SURE YOU SIGN THIS CARD (last name first, first name, badge number, shift and comment, limited to three words; suggested comment: "Hurry back, Happy!") AND RETURN IT TO YOUR SUPERVISOR BY FRIDAY AS PER BOEING REGULATION ATA 143.

Hurry back, Happy!

SPEEDY CLIP

*****Production on the new Boeing 747 superjet is proceeding along at the usual speedy clip. Thursday, August 8, a new wing was added to the first assembly, making a grand total of twelve wings on that one plane. Another engineering triumph for Boeing!

"Actually," stated Pete Burley, 747 production chief, "we got a bunch of goddam union wing-installers standin' around and the old man don't like to see 'em idle. Besides, there's nothin' like crammin' a wing on a new plane to make the front page of the P.I. Big Bill himself found that out when he was fightin' with those German fokkers in 1918." That's telling it like it is, Boeing history-wise, Pete!

The "old man" (Badge 1) to whom Burley referred announced this week that due to an unfortunate chiropodal accident, 747 production has been delayed for three months, again.

Hurry back, Happy!

HIGH ENOUGH

*****The Boeing Company is happy to announce that U.S. Savings Bonds sales are high enough to keep us in favor with the Department of Defense.

FETLOCK

*****THE UNKNOWN BOEING EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

Many employees have wondered about the origin of the slogans printed on the pencils we're all required to use. These great strides in Personnel Propaganda are the work of one man (though naturally with a little inspirational help from Badge 1). Here is that unsung hero's story.

When George Fetlock was only ten years old his mother asked him one day what he wanted to be when he grew up. Without a moment's hesitation little Fetlock said, "I wanna write the slogans on Boeing pencils, mommy!"

Over the next difficult years George never lost sight of that goal. The World War found him scribbling his first slogans on lavatory walls and victory garden rocks. Mrs. Gloria Poulitce recalls, "I'll never forget the first slogan Georgie wrote on my garage door, that summer of 1942. We left it there to this day. "Shit on HITLER." Already the young lad was showing signs of promise.

As the years passed George Fetlock grew to be a man and entered a local university, majoring in "Industrial Propaganda." Graduating with honors, he served his country well during the Korean War by personally writing 4,434 slogans for our boys over there. Thousands of fighting men never knew it was the pen of George Fetlock telling them to "KILL A COMMIE FOR YOUR MOMMY."

In the spring of 1956 George was discharged from the Army and into the waiting arms of the BOEING AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Non-Commercial Pencil Literature Division. His goal had been achieved! Not stopping for breath, though, George rose to new heights of pencil propaganda, creating such masterpieces as "WHY TAKE TWO WHEN ONE WILL DO" "LET'S STOP WASTE" "REDUCE OVERUSE" and "SHIT ON LOCKHEED."

LATE BULLETIN

*****Boeing management today announced a cutback in the Non-commercial Pencil Literature Division. According to recent figures, it is costing The Company \$17,800 to print inane slogans on pencils. Badge One has announced the money will be spent on decorations for the annual Boeing Circus***



METRO
VOLKSWAGEN
CARS



may
be
obtained
most
reasonably
on
the
easiest
of
terms
MU2 8500



IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME

Get in touch with friends who are photographers, painters** in effect all of them - and tell them of a scheme for making posters of the war atrocities. Pictures-photos of Vietnam victims* that is, burned-maimed dead babies-mothers-girls- boys.....(Using names like gooks, etc.) such as "Dead gook babies and mothers" "We are winning in Vietnam!" In other words reflect the images of insane horror in large real life shots. Also go back and dig out pictures of "piles of dead" concentration camp victims of WWII-blown up to life size. Continue on until people get tired of seeing these posters-which in effect can only be stopped by people stopping the killing. But if and as it continues then new pictures are taken and made into posters and films and so on....Also posters of people rioting here and in other parts of the world, in the middle east etc., in Africa, in Latin America. Every country will need its own photographers* artist s to record their own countries wars. It will be done to make people realize that they are creating it themselves and have to either continue their

self-torture or stop it. By producing the most revolting art until each one of us is fully tired - sick - and begs to be spared the sight of all this pain. Then we will stop producing it.

Since our war is in our own heads and also there in our cities, homes, and the countries we live in: we will produce its image in all manners possible: films, plays, songs, commercials on TV and Radio, in our attitude from day to day. Our dressing will remind us of pain and more pain and hatred and madness. Our TV commercials will always show some families pleasantly enjoying their snacks along side of hunger, fear, hate and starvation. With our drugs that heal we will remember those that kill. Our artists are to reflect suffering so that people can see which they prefer...life or death. Then they will not only fear death, they will also see terrible death. And they will decide.

LEON
SARSOZO

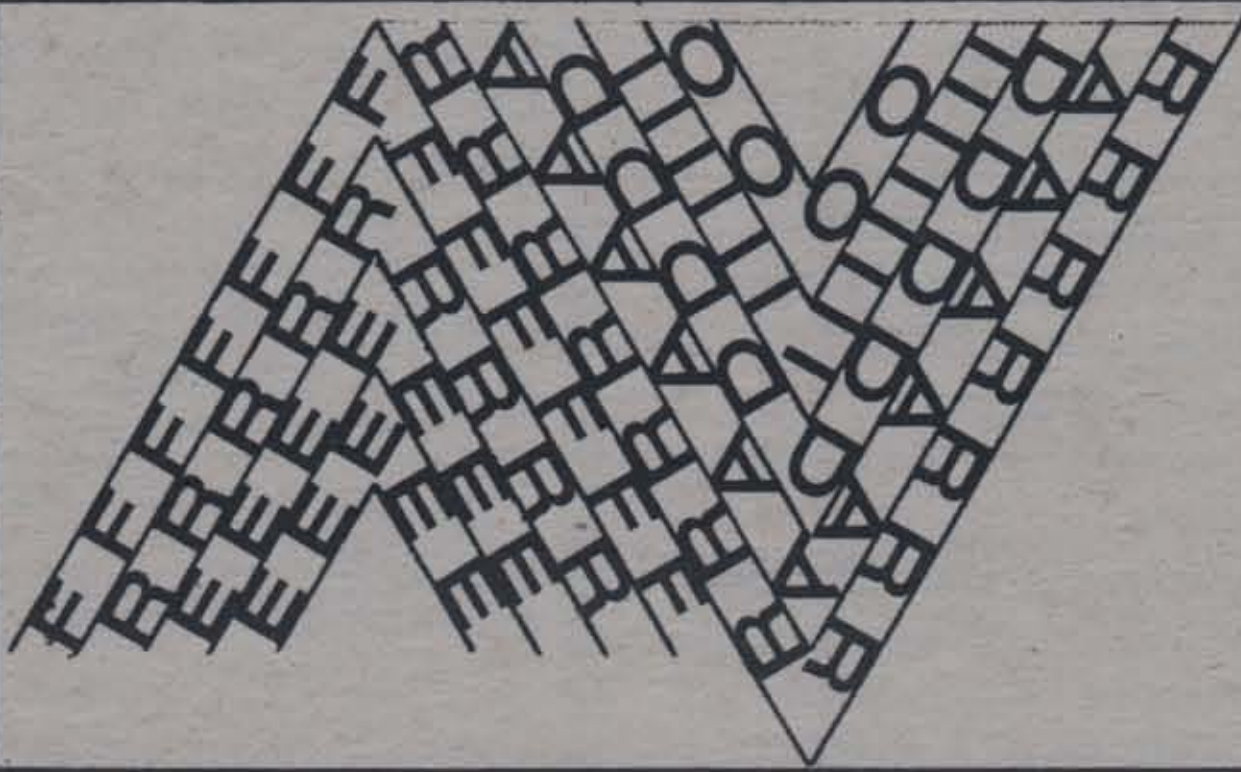
city HALL

A shakey coalition of radical groups called a meeting for August 6th to discuss plans for a demonstration the following day in support of Aaron Dixon, out on bail on charges of stealing a typewriter. A letter had been sent to Prosecutor Carroll stating the desire to see him and state the grievances of the group.

At noon on Tuesday 250 persons gathered in front of the public safety building in a meeting-demonstration. Carroll had replied that he would see a delegation of 5 if they came to his office by 12:30. The delegation went up at 12:45 to demand that Carroll come down and meet with the whole group. The demonstrators moved to the sidewalk of the county building where they chanted and walked back and forth. They included a bus load of black kids who came in a city school bus by convincing the driver to take them to see how government works. When officials, who were watching from many windows in the city buildings, saw this, they had the driver fired. While the delegation was up in Carroll's office, a black was arrested on charges of having a dangerous weapon, a knife, but was soon released.

The delegation returned with the negative answer that they expected and everyone readjusted to the Pub. Saf. Build. to decide the course of action. There was discussion about whether or not to go sit-in until either Carroll talked or the police came. It looked as if this might happen until Larry Gossett of the Black Student Union told everyone to calm down and go home and organize. The body, which had been slowly breaking up, voted and did just that.

KRAB-FM 107.7



on the AVE

As police continue to harass the street people, guerrilla activity has been stepped up around the ave. Thus, whether or not the following acts are coordinated from the complex of computers located beneath 42nd. and University (reached only by secret tunnel from the back of the ID) things ARE happening here:

- (1) The International House of Pancakes was firebombed with a gallon jug of oil and gasoline. Latest theory at crimestoppers central: a heroin addict, busted at the pancake house, destroyed it in pique. All points search on for addict.
- (2) The Marine Recruiter's office window was broken....twice. They were planning to move anyway. The neighborhood is slipping.
- (3) Officer Berg of the Security Division, U of W (used to be the Safety Division. Times Change) tried to arrest someone for pissing in the bushes on Hippie Hill. The pisser in question resisted arrest and caused the officer to slip on the mud of the well-watered Hill. Suspect made his escape while a bouquet of flowerchildren got in the policeman's way, played catch with his hat, etc. Officer Berg is universally known, even by his informed uniformed fellow officers as a boob.
- (4) A Curfew demonstration was led by one carrying a crusader flag and others passing out flowers. Police busted one of the followers for jaywalking and talked about busting the leaders for littering (excess of flowers on pavement). At ten o'clock the street was nearly empty and police succeeded in enforcing curfew.

Future events include midnight rock concerts, crucifixion of Don Kennedy, free distribution of the Reality Pill, roasting of the pigs.

LATE NEWS:

Monday night the Draft Resistance Office on Roosevelt was bombed... Some right wing terrorist taped several Cherry Bombs to the glass door, lit them, and ran away into the night. Glass was blown through some picket signs standing near the back wall.

NOTA: Will whoever burned IHoPancakes please do a better job next time. The place is still a plastic eyesore...

Death Dance

BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

DON'T COME TO CHICAGO IF YOU EXPECT A FIVE DAY FESTIVAL OF LIFE, MUSIC AND LOVE.

WE WORKED FOR FIVE MONTHS TOWARD A JOYOUS ALTERNATIVE TO THE VIOLENCE THAT HAS BECOME AMERICA.

A FESTIVAL IS IMPOSSIBLE. BUT PEOPLE ARE STILL INTO THE FESTIVAL FLASH. PEOPLE ARE BUYING AN ILLUSION. THE ONLY WAY TO END THE SHAM IS TO WITHDRAW OUR PERMIT REQUEST. AND THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE DONE. WE REFUSE TO POSE AS A FRONT FOR AN ALTERNATIVE THAT NO LONGER EXISTS.

CHICAGO POLICE DO NOT LOVE YOU. CHICAGO POLICE WILL NOT LOVE YOU IF THINGS BREAK DOWN IN LINCOLN PARK. MANY PEOPLE WILL PLAY IN THE STREETS. THE COPS WILL RIOT.

CHICAGO MAY HOST A FESTIVAL OF BLOOD.

THERE WILL BE AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO DISRUPT THE DEMOCRATIC CREEP-FOLLIES. THERE ARE MANY REASONS TO DISRUPT THE DEATH GALA. IF YOU FEEL COMPELLED TO CAVORT, THEN THIS IS ACTION CITY. THERE IS NO REASON TO WEAR FLOWERS FOR MASKS. IF YOU WANT TO GO UP AGAINST THE WALL, THEN COME. BUT WE REFUSE TO LURE YOU FROM YOUR HOME FOR AN IMPOSSIBILITY. AS INDIVIDUALS, WE MAY JOIN IN TRYING TO STOP HUBERT THE HUMP AS A GROUP OUR ADVISE IS.....

DON'T COME TO CHICAGO IF YOU EXPECT A FIVE - DAY FESTIVAL OF LIFE, MUSIC AND LOVE.

FOR THE FREE CITY SURVIVAL COMMITTEE:
ABRAHAM PECK,
STEVE MERVOS
JAMES LATO
AL ROSENFELD
REV. J. T. TUTTLE
DAVID WYATT

BLUE BEARS
HAND-MADE BOOTS
SHOES-SANDALS
HEAD-ROOM!
STYLE and FASHION
FOR THE HIP DRESSER
san remo boots-verde shoes
424 UNIVERSITY WY. N.E.

CLAYSES
OOG
SUN. 10AM.
TUE. 9AM. A THUR. 3PM.
WED. 4-6PM. FRI. 9AM 4-6PM.
TRAINER AT 2222 CRESENT
MONTY WEST DRIVE EAST



RIVOLI

1st and Madison

A Great New Film
by Storm de Hirsch
Goodbye in the Mirror

THERE'S MORE
TO BEING A CHICK
THAN BEING HAD.
STORM DE HIRSCH
TELLS IT LIKE IT IS.

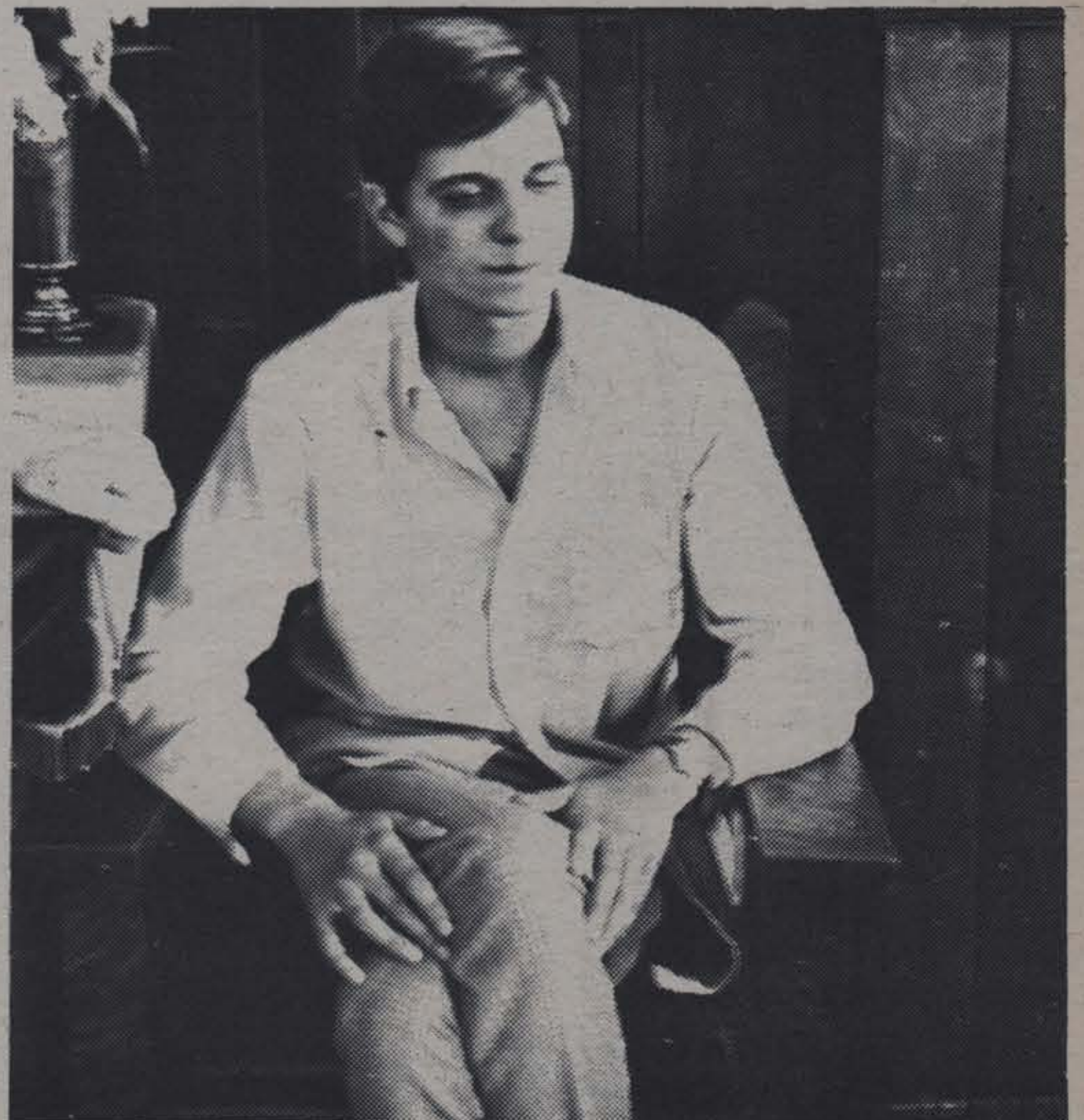
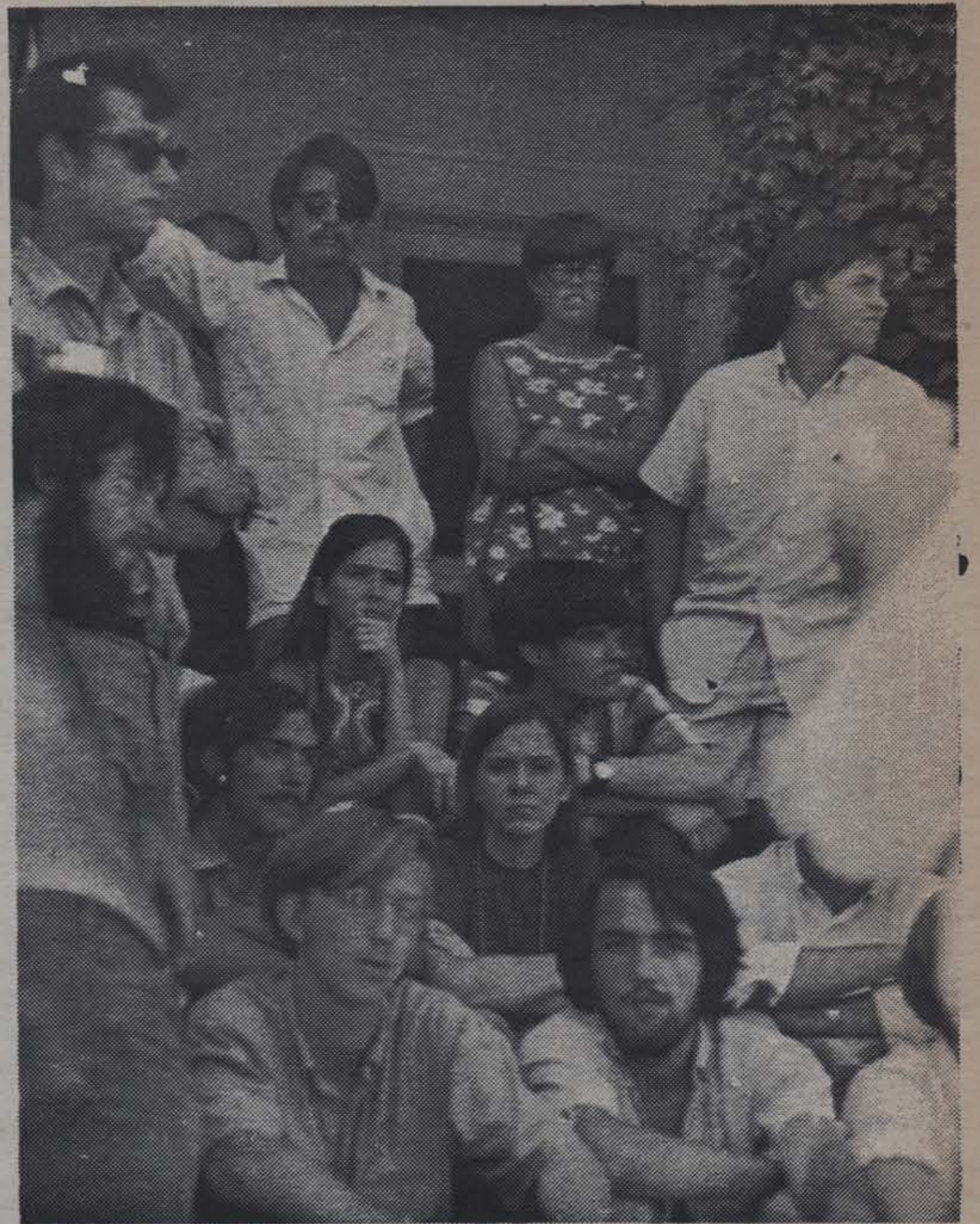
cinema

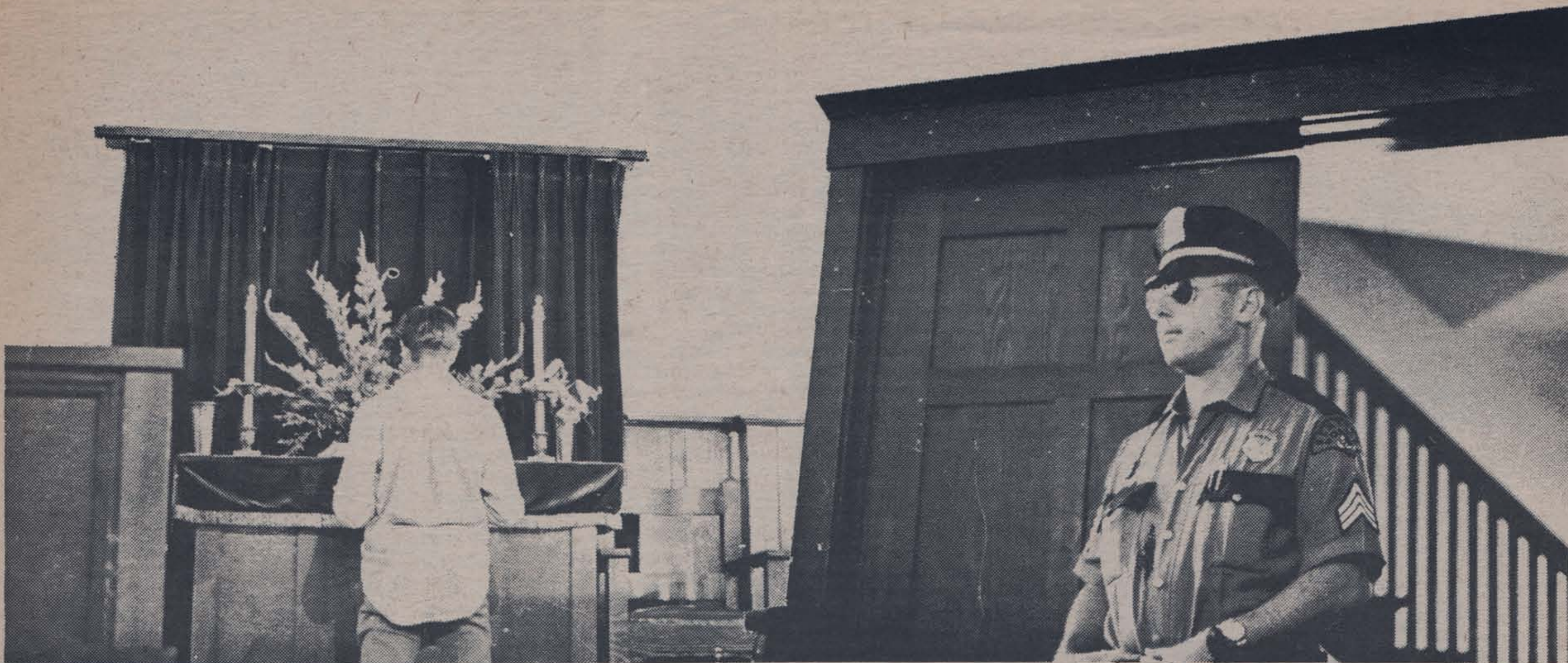
underground



D. MANINER

I WILL NOT HATE, I WILL NOT KILL,





Military Police violated 1st Church of Christ sanctuary to arrest Allen Wafowski who had gone AWOL rather than fight in Vietnam. Wafowski awaits trial in the Ft. Lewis stockade. The five who sat in front of the MP's car were mauled and also arrested.



I WILL NOT FIGHT IN VIETNAM.



When in the midst of all the biased bluster that typifies; almost everyone on the make with some kind of point or other...when we come across another with the quiet confidence that does not rant some dogmatism at us but gently leans back in the swivel chair and calmly elaborates his humanity, then we--some of us-- listen. So David Harris is a presence that requires the image-mediator to struggle through the cliches about beautiful people. Harris has his credits. As Fresno California's Boy of the Year--some years ago-- he fulfilled his civic promise with an "outstanding" career as Fresno HS student: He got the big BLOCK F for achievement on and off the field. Then as Fresno boys with such promise do, he went on to Stanford and predictably became Student Body President. But then having had enough of this "doomsday refreshment" David Harris did a bad thing. Quitting Stanford he organized a group called THE RESISTANCE. "It all began to break down slowly but surely. It began to fall off in small chunks then bigger chunks and pretty soon you wake up in the morning and find yourself a criminal."

Harris's heavy changes were created in part from his work with SNCC in Mississippi and with the National Farm Workers. Since its inception the Resistance has managed to successfully return about 4000 draft cards to the government. Harris is presently under sentence for three years out of a San Francisco court, and he will probably begin serving time next January. "The present level of the appeal might not even be over then, but I set a psychological kind of limit there, and I've decided I'm going to do it in January. I just wanted time to straighten my head out and do a few things I wanted to do, like I'm writing a book...."

While in the Northwest Harris was accompanied by three Northwest movement organizers through a speaking tour of the area. On Sunday, August 4, Harris began the tour with a short rap at the Hiroshima Day-Blaine Peace Arch Gathering. The following Day he spoke to a semi-receptive audience at Central Washington State College. On the 6th the group was in Pullman. The first gig of the day was a trip to neighboring Moscow, Idaho to perform a 1½ minute interview for radio and then at 6 o'clock a potluck picnic was held in a local park. It was the first time people could remember that all movement people had gathered together in Pullman. The assembled then wandered up the hill to Washington State U for an 8 o'clock rapping session with Harris which was held on the campus lawn since, at the last moment a funky administrator cancelled plans to use any WSU buildings. Dave and the three left Pullman at 10 o'clock and arrived back in Seattle at 4 a.m. After a 10 a.m. press conference and a quick speech at the UW, Harris found time for this little interview with KRAB-HELIX. An exhausted Harris was not refreshed by the atmosphere at KRAB. The small cluttered room was clogged with about 10 humans who were filling the atmosphere with their addiction. The temperature was somewhere over 90. Following is a slightly cut version of the interview...Gene Johnston presiding.

HARRIS INTERVIEW

Some guys haven't had that success with juries, but have had amazing success in terms of shaking the whole court scene up. There was a guy in L.A. named Joe Maiselich who defended himself. There were interchanges like when he told the judge he was going to defend himself, and the judge said no, you can't defend yourself. And Joe said, no. I can defend myself, you can't defend yourself. There were little interchanges like that that really broke up the whole courtroom scene. One of the things that's happened is that the court system is clogged. Out of six hundred people in the Bay Area who have sent their draft cards back, two have been indicted, and only one has been prosecuted; that's myself. There are an average now of about 30 induction refusals a week at the Oakland induction center, and close to 30 a week in Los Angeles, which means that the courts have to be able to handle 6 cases a day to handle the rush. And they can't. My guess is that there are some 5000 draft criminals in the Bay area...waiting prosecution. There are a total of 45 under indictment now for either returning their draft cards or refusing induction. It's going to take them until October just to deal with the cases of those 45, at which time there should be about 500 more.

H-K: Do you look for or hope for some sort of amnesty eventually when the revulsion for the war reaches an overwhelming point?

DH: It would be nice to get amnesty; I've no great fondness for jail. But I don't expect it. What we've tried to use the Resistance for is really a handle on the problems of creating a whole new consciousness for a society. I mean, if you say, that society at its base is a model of consciousness, that its a set of assumptions, a set of logic, that all the members of society operate within, then the present notion of that logic is in contradiction with any notion of humanity that you and I could accept. So that we see the task is really building that new consciousness. I think we're revolutionaries, that the object we really have in mind is one of developing whole new social forms and a whole new kind of power upon which to base society. We are out to make a new world. We see America as a handle on the world. From the point of 4000 members it may sound presumptuous for us to talk about the world but I guess to keep going you've got to be that kind of presumptuous.

H-K: In what sense do you see yourself as a revolutionary? There are several kinds of revolutionaries--some violent, some non-violent.

DH: Well I think the only true revolution is non-violent.

H-K: In Portland you said something to the effect that a violent revolution wouldn't change this country--that if the national guard and the police aren't part of the revolution, it's no revolution at all.

DH: I think the object of revolution is just to seize power in traditional terms that is a coup d'etat. To seize power leaves you with all the mechanisms of oppressive power and nothing at your resource but oppressive power. Well let's go on the term non-violent. Non-violence is really a bad translation of an Indian word called Satyagraha, which has no direct English translation. A much better translation is soul force or truth force. And what Ghandi had in mind when he began to experiment with it--and all he did was experiment with it was to find a new power upon which a new society could be based.

H-K: But what could you be going for the revolution sitting in jail for three years?

DH: You know, if the totality of what I did for 3 years was sit in jail, probably very little. The point is how you go to jail and in the Resistance we have two rules about jail. One is when in Seattle do Seattle. When in jail do jail. Jail is just another place. I mean, that has to be the attitude you go at jail with. Second is that before you go to jail, you have to leave at least two people to do the work you did before you went. If you get those two people it's not a question of your sacrificing anything at all, but your act becomes one step in a long ladder. Going to jail is a consequence of what we do. I mean I wish it weren't. I'd just as soon stay out with my wife and do the things that you get to do on the outside, but I see four basic alternatives, (A) would be to keep your draft card which seems to me to be the worst of the alternatives, (B) you can go to Canada which I don't think is going to stop what is happening in this country at all, (C) you can go underground, but I think that you can't do any kind of work from underground -- it's a question of hiding. I

think that America has to be taught to live overground--most of America lives underground as it is. I mean most of America keeps its lives in their back closets and bedrooms. And what we're trying to do is bring those lives out on the streets to make the questions of those lives part of the political situation and that alternative for us is jail.

H-K: Then the revolution you're talking about isn't one that would disrupt the functions in America, but would change the people who....

DH: What we're saying is that the structures simply rest on top of that consciousness. I mean that, instead of attacking the structures you attack the structure simply as symbols of threat consciousness. I mean, as handles for dealing with that fact of people's consciousness. I think, if that revolution happens, the structures will be unrecognizable. Wholly new society forms would develop. I think that to get that, you have to begin by dealing from the point of consciousness rather than trying to work from the structures down....We don't define ourselves by the fact that we're going to be sent to jail for what we do. We define ourselves by what we do. And what we do is refuse to cooperate with the draft. One of the consequences of which is going to jail. We say, all right. If that means we're going to have to go to jail, then we'll go and do the jail time. Not because we're fond of going to jail.

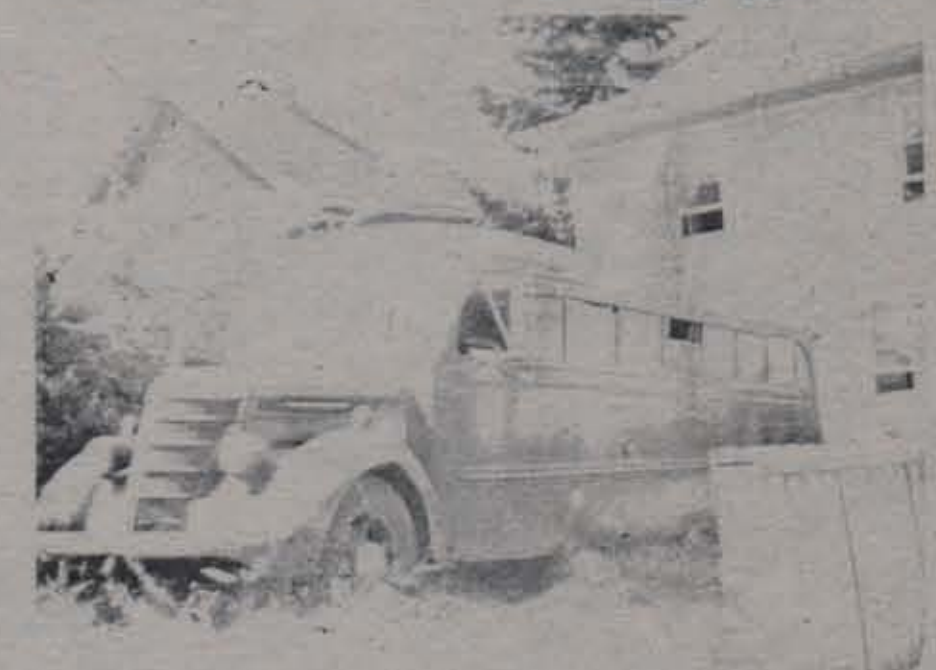
H-K: You consider it to be more important or better, moral alternative than going to Canada, though. Isn't this true?

DH: You see I disagree...you see, the term moral is usually some way of trying to break the human being up into a number of different categories. One of our points is that all those things that men have chosen to make irrelevant by describing them moral can be made very relevant by describing them as political; I find that let's say, if you take something like human love.... I don't think that's moral, I think that's a political fact.

H-K: Oh, okay, that's a semantic hassle, but you advocate, you advocate people going to jail....

DH: I advocate their staying and facing jail sentence as opposed to going to Canada. I do that because I think that what's happening in America is going to be stopped by people standing up to it. You, like if you were to describe the American political system, if we describe it in terms of what kind of human energy it's based upon, then you have to understand that it's a politics of fear. The energy of America is really the energy of fear. And that one of the things we're trying to do is to break out of that fear. My experience in the South was what really taught me that. I mean, I got run out of about six towns when I was in the South, in Mississippi. When I left, you know, I said, to myself, "I'm never going to get run out again." I felt like I really left those people behind. And I think that if you go to somebody, you know, I mean an American and tell them that, then I think you really have an obligation to really stay and share the consequences.

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H-K: Dave do you have any difficulty leaving the area of jurisdiction?

DH: Yeah, it's gotten to be a rather humorous situation. Last time I got permission to come up here, no one would recognize that they had jurisdiction over me. I mean the judge who sentenced me said I wasn't in his hands anymore, I went to the appeal court and they said they'd never heard of me. I spent five hours running around the city of San Francisco trying to get someone to play father for me. Finally, I convinced the clerk at the appeals court that he ought to let me out of town so he signed....

H-K: Do you sense a sort of sneaking-not so much sympathy--but admiration from these hardened senders of people to prison?

DH: Yeah, I think they're human beings just like everybody else, I mean you treat them like that and they start digging it. Our experience has been that the place where there have been the most prosecutions, where there's the most draft violations that's where the sentences are the lowest. Like San Francisco, the average sentence in San Francisco is eighteen months, that tosses the judge into a human situation. He has to deal with, not just a sheet of paper, or someone called a defendant, but he really has to deal with someone's life. To us the trial is theatre. You go through the trial and you write your script and act it out. We found that the whole trial scene is dependent upon everybody accepting their role in it. I mean, the judge is there to be guilty. And you know, the great difference in our trials is that none of the defendants think they're guilty. And none of them act like it. One of the things that really upset the judge in my trial was that I didn't snivel around saying, you know, dear sir, grant me mercy. I just treated him like an equal the whole trial. When he called me Mr. Harris, I called him Mr. Carter, when he called me David I called him Oliver. I just treated him like he was another person on the street, and one of the nice things that happened in my trial was that the jury was out 8½ hours. We essentially had them hung. The jury would have been hung except that the judge ordered them to find me guilty. But, with no legal defense, really--it was a straight political defense, the government had to prove that I had both intent and bad purpose in my act. And as so we said that intent is a question of concentration, and to have intent means that the object of my act was to break the law. Our defense was that the object of my act was something much larger than breaking the law. I mean, I broke the law because I was trying to build a brotherhood of men. And it was like I was trying to go from point to point, and the law stood in between, and I just walked through the law. What that succeeded in doing was confusing all the legal issues to the point where the jury started thinking about something else. So we had three people on the jury holding out for 8½ hours. When the jury is out they can send written questions into the judge about legal points and he can bring them back into the court room and he can instruct them. And after 8½ hours they asked a question about "intent," they wanted a further definition of what it was, and the judge got up on his diocese up there and said, if I didn't go into the induction center, I had both intent and bad purpose. Then they came back five minutes later with guilty. The person that held out the longest was this black domestic. We thought everything had gone past her. But she held out the longest on the grounds that the Lord had told her I wasn't guilty. She had had some sort of vision of God there in the jury box, and decided I wasn't guilty and was holding out for it. I mean it's amazing what happens when you start treating people like human beings.

H-K: Well, has this set a pattern, in other words, the limited success that you had with this jury. Have others been found not guilty?

DH: No one's been found not guilty, but we don't expect to get anybody not guilty. The advantage that we have going into the court is that we know we're not going there to try to get off. We go there really to try to make a clear statement.

CULTURE INTERCOM

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is to introduce you to Mr. Stan van der Beek, who wrote the manifesto on the right. Mr. van der Beek knows more about the new thing called MIXED MEDIA than almost anyone. The University of Washington and Mr. van der Beek formed a temporary liaison in a moment of madness. The liaison is now dissolved to the relief of both parties. Now Mr. van der Beek can go back to New York. Now the "U" can go back to sleep. Now read.



"CULTURE: INTERCOM" AND EXPANDED CINEMA

A Proposal and Manifesto By Stan VanDerBeek

Gate Hill Road, Stony Point, New York 914-HA 9-8604

or

c/o "Culture-Intercom", Room 1204, 49 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.
PL 7-4424

It is imperative that we quickly find some way for the entire level of world human understanding to rise to a new human scale.

This scale is the world...

The risks are the life or death of this world.

The technological explosion of this last half century, and the implied future are overwhelming, man is running the machines of his own invention...

while the machine that is man...

runs the risk of running wild.

Technological research, development and involvement of the world community has almost completely out-distanced the emotional-sociological (socio-"logical") comprehension of this technology.

It is imperative that each and every member of the world community, regardless of age and cultural background, join the 20th century as quickly as possible.

The "technique-power" and "culture-over-reach" that is just beginning to explode in many parts of the earth, is happening so quickly that it has put the logical fulcrum of man's intelligence so far outside himself that he cannot judge or estimate the results of his acts before he commits them.

The process of life as an experiment on earth has never been made clearer.

It is this danger... that man does not have time

to talk to himself...

that man does not have means to talk to other men...

the world hangs by a thread of verbs and nouns.

Language and cultural-semantics are as explosive as nuclear energy.

It is imperative that we (the world's artists) invent a new world language...

that we invent a non-verbal international picture-language...

I propose the following:

That immediate research begin on the possibility of an international picture-language using fundamentally motion pictures.

That we research immediately existing audio-visual devices, to combine these devices into an educational tool, that I shall call an "experience machine" or a "culture-intercom"...

The establishment of audio-visual research centers... preferably on an international scale...

These centers to explore the existing audio-visual hardware...

The development of new image-making devices...

(the storage and transfer of image materials, motion pictures, television, computers, video-tape, etc...)

In short, a complete examination of all audio-visual devices and procedures, with the idea in mind to find the best combination of such machines for non-verbal inter-change.

The training of artists on an international basis in the use of these image tools.

The immediate development of prototype theatres, hereafter called "Movie-Dromes" that incorporate the use of such projection hardware.

The immediate research and development of image-events and performances in the "Movie-Drome"...

I shall call these prototype presentations: "Movie Murals", "Ethos-Cinema", "Newsreel of Dreams", "Feedback", "Image Libraries"...

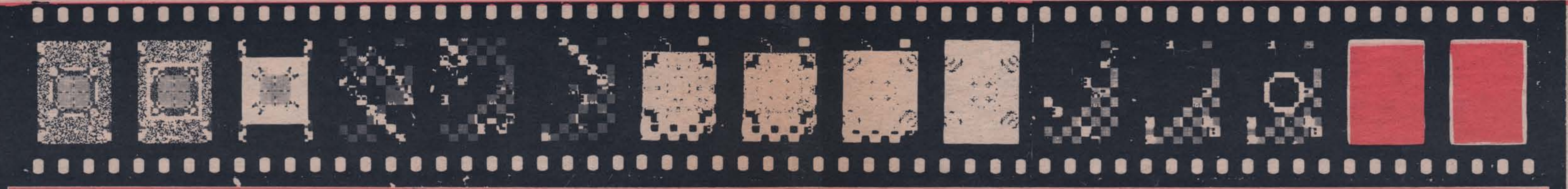
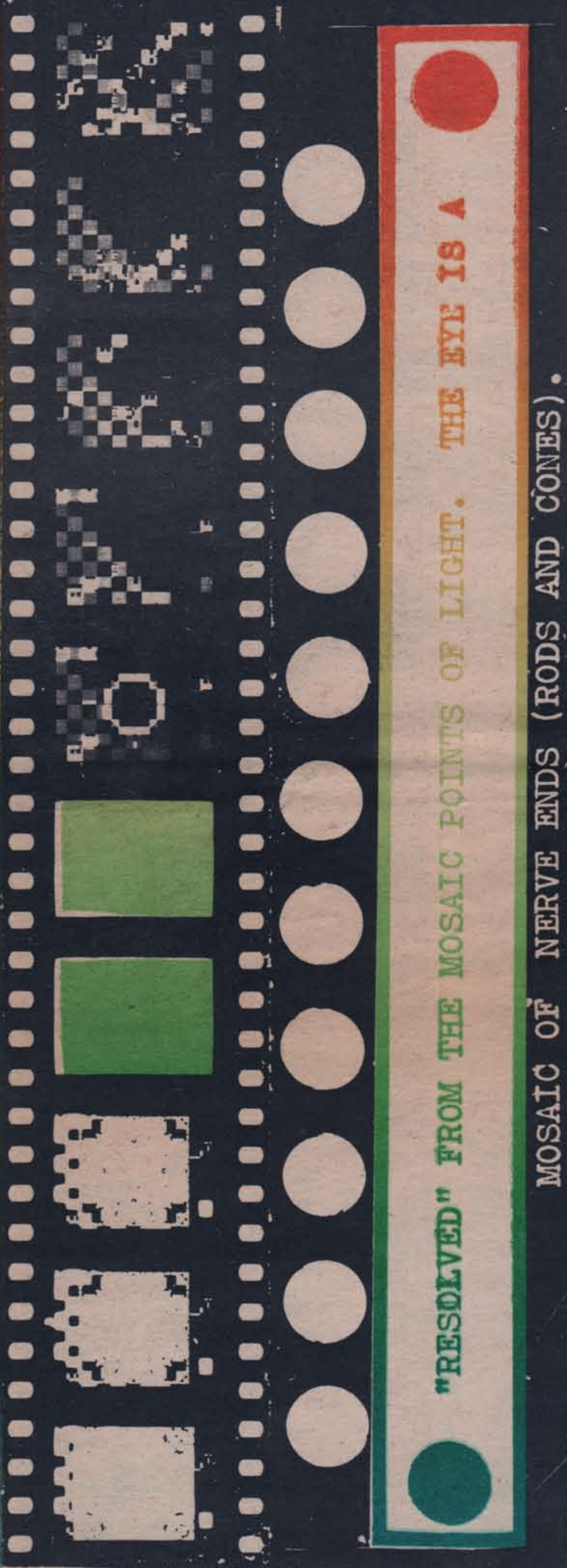
The "movie-drome" would operate as follows...

In a spherical dome, simultaneous images of all sorts would be projected on the entire dome-screen... the audience lies down at the outer edge of the dome with their feet towards the center, thus almost the complete field of view is the dome-screen. Thousands of images would be projected on this screen... this image-flow could be compared to the "collage" form of the newspaper, or the three ring circus... (both of which suffice the audience with an abundance of facts and data)... the audience takes what it can or wants from the presentation... and makes its own conclusions... each member of the audience will build his own references from the image-flow, in the best sense of the word the visual material is to be presented and each individual makes his own conclusions... or realizations.

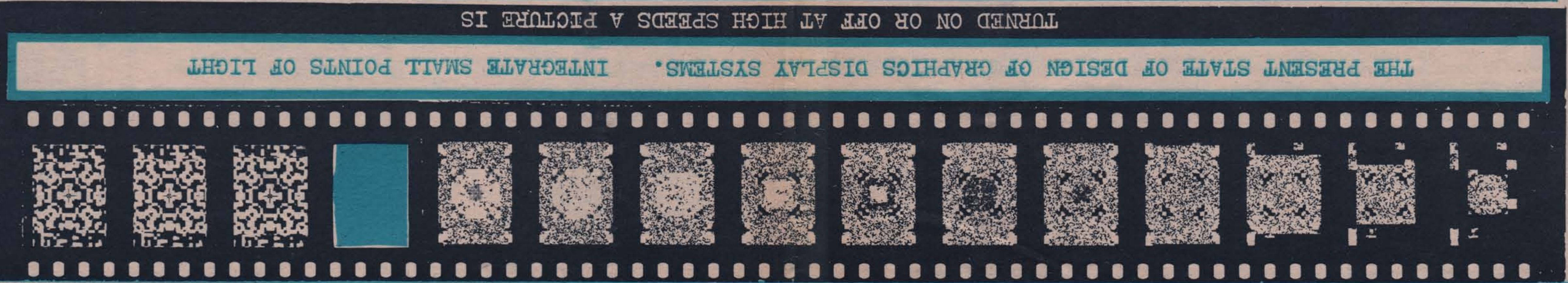
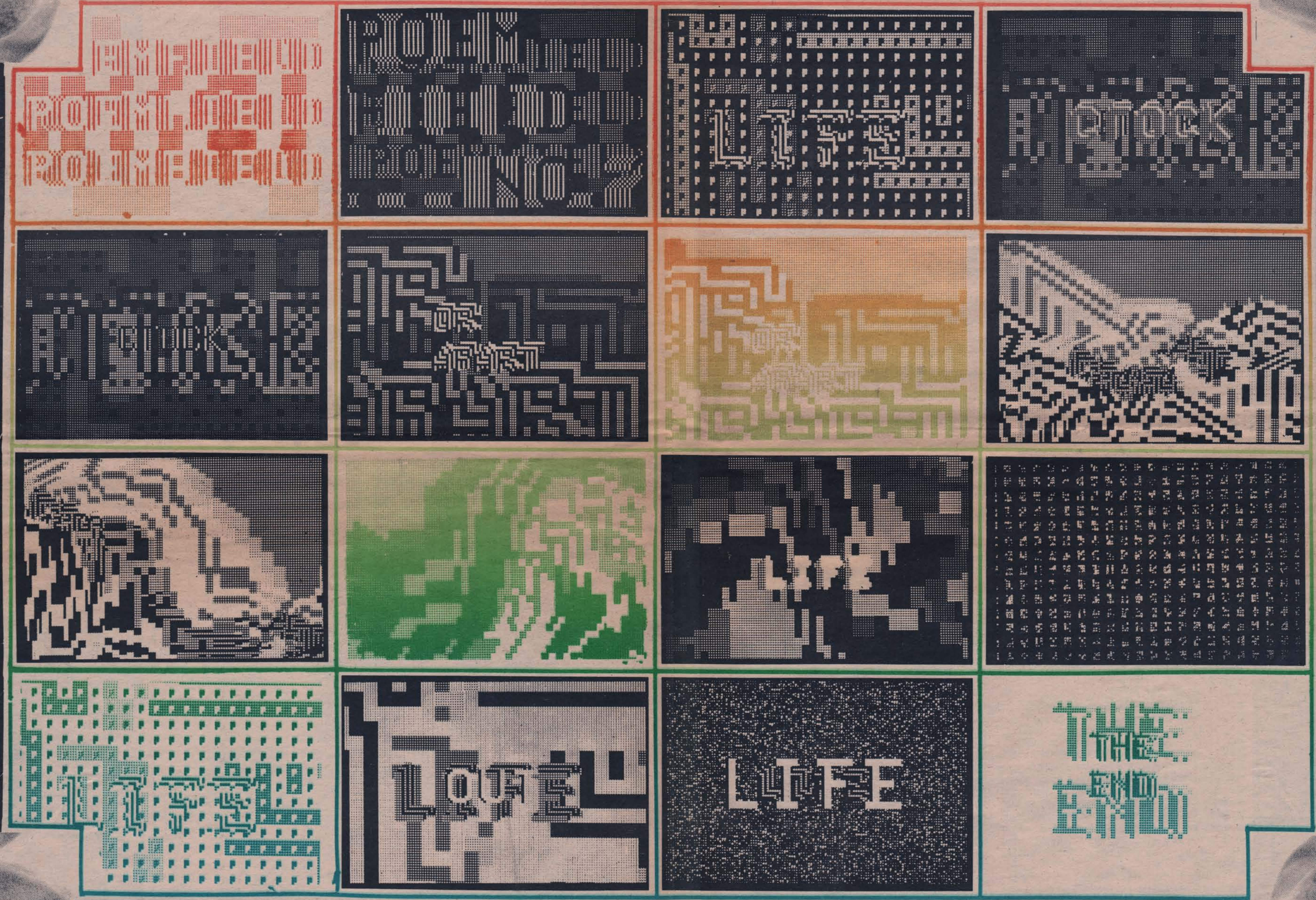
A particular example....

to prepare an hour-long presentation in the "movie-drome" using all sorts of multi-plex images, depicting the course of western civilization since the time of the Egyptians to the present... a rapid panoply of graphics and light calling upon thousands of images, both still and in motion (with appropriate "sound-images"). It would be possible to compress the last three thousand years of western life into such an aspect ratio that we, the audience, can grasp the flow of man, time, and forms of life

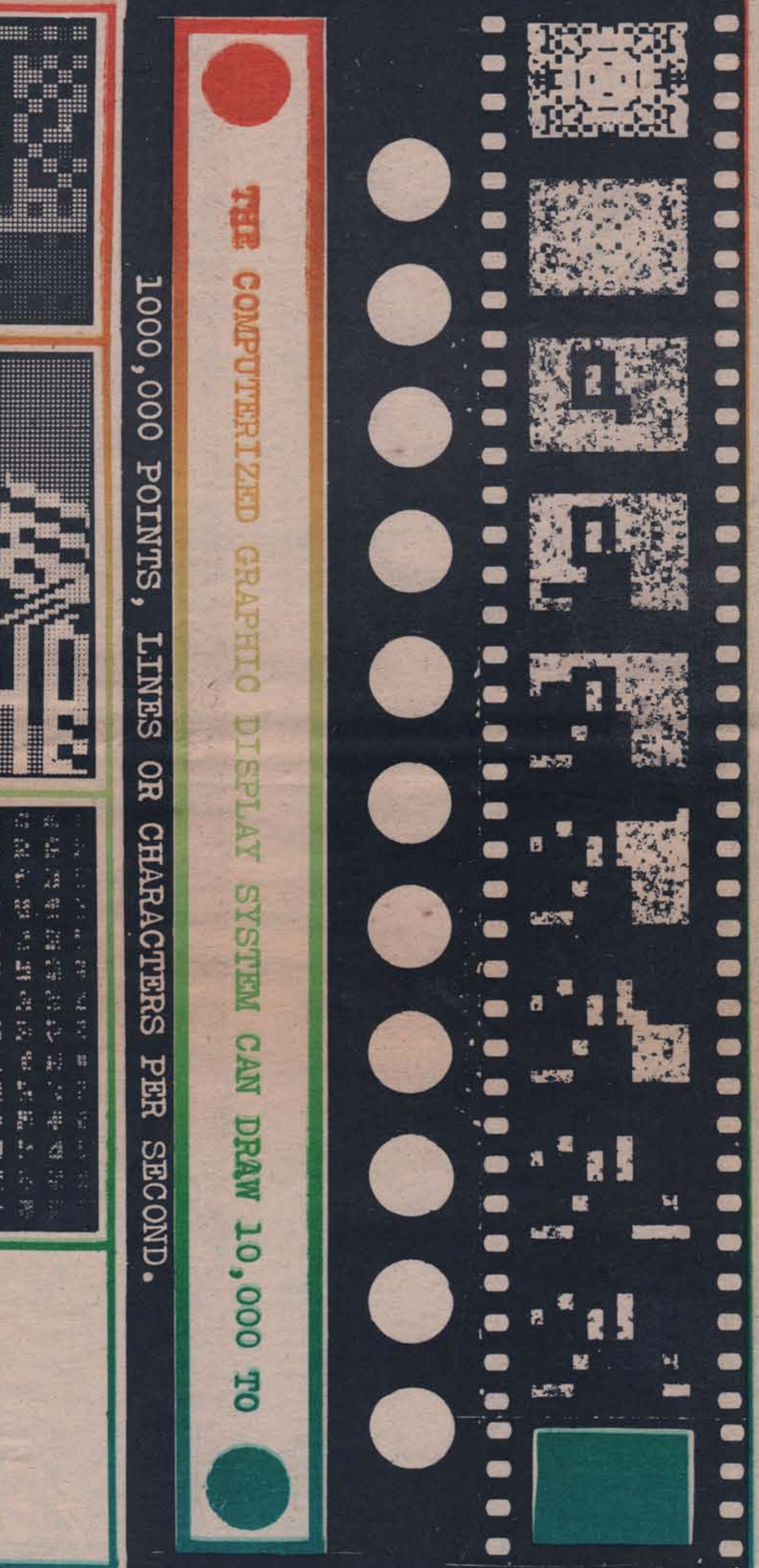
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THE MIND IS A COMPUTER-- NOT RAILROAD TRACKS. HUMAN INTELLIGENCE FUNCTIONS ON THE ORDER OF 100,000 DECISIONS P/SECOND.



THE PRESENT STATE OF DESIGN OF GRAPHICS DISPLAY SYSTEMS. INTEGRATE SMALL POINTS OF LIGHT TURNED ON OR OFF AT HIGH SPEEDS A PICTURE IS



THE COMPUTERIZED GRAPHIC DISPLAY SYSTEM CAN DRAW 10,000 TO 1000,000 POINTS, LINES OR CHARACTERS PER SECOND.

that have lead us up to the very moment... details are not important, it is the total scale of life that is... in other words... using the past and the immediate present to help us understand the likely future... endless filmic variations of this idea are possible in each field of man's endeavor... science, math, geography... art, poetry, dance, biology, etc....

endless variations of this idea by each culture group and nationality that take it on as a project... to be presented in turn to each other culture group...

The purpose and effect of such image-flow, and image density, (also to be called "visual-velocity"), is to both deal and logical understanding, and to penetrate to unconscious levels, the use of such "emotion-pictures" would be to reach for

the "emotional denominator" of all men...

the basis of human life thought and understanding that is non-verbal to provide images that inspire basic intuitive instincts of self-realization to inspire all men to good will and "inter and intro-realization"...

When I talk of the movie-dromes as image libraries, it is understood that such "life-theatres" would use some of the coming techniques (video tape and computer inter-play) and thus be real communication and storage centers, that is, by satellite, each dome could receive its images from a world wide library source, store them and program a feedback presentation to the local community that lived near the center, this newsreel feedback, could authentically review the total world image "reality" in an hour long show that gave each member of the audience a sense of the entire world picture... the let us say world's work of the month put into an hour.

"Intra-communitronics", or dialogues with other centers would be likely, and instant reference material via transmission television and telephone could be called for and received at 186,000 m.p.s.... from anywhere in the world...

Thus I call this presentation, a "newsreel of ideas, of dreams, a movie-mural..."

an image library, a culture de-compression chamber, a culture-inter-com... my concept is in effect the maximum use of the maximum information devices that we now have at our disposal....

Certain things might happen... if an individual is exposed to an overwhelming information experience...

It might be possible to re-order the levels of awareness of any person... it certainly will re-order the structure of motion pictures as we know them...

cinema will become a "performing" art... and image-library.

I foresee that such centers will have its artist in residence who will orchestrate the image material he has at his disposal...

and will lead to a totally new international art form...

That in probing for the "emotional denominator", it would be possible by the visual "power" of such a presentation to reach any age or

culture group irregardless of culture and background

the "experience machine" could bring anyone on earth up to the 20th century.

As the current growth rate risk of explosives to human flesh continues, the risk of survival increases accordingly...

it now stands at 200 pounds of T.N.T. per human pound of flesh... per human on earth.

There are an estimated 700 million people who are unlettered in the world... we have no time to lose

or mis-calculate...

The world and self education process must find a quick solution to re-order itself, a revision of itself, an awareness of itself...

that is each man, must somehow realize the enormous scale of human life and accomplishments on earth right now...

Man must find a way to measure himself, to simultaneously grow and keep in touch with himself...

Man must find a way to leap over his own prejudices, and apprehensions...

The means are on hand... here and now...

in technology and the extension of the senses...

To summarize:

My concern is for a way for the over-developing technology of part of the world to help the under-developed emotional-sociology of all of the world to catch up to the 20th century... to counter-balance technique and logic... and to do it now, quickly...

My concern is for world peace and harmony...

the appreciation of individual minds...

the interlocking of good wills on an international exchange basis...

the interchange of images and ideas...

a realization of the process of "realization" of self-education

that now must occur before the "fact" of education...

in short: a way for all men to have fore-knowledge

by advantageous use of past and immediate knowledge...

Mankind faces the immediate future with doubt on one hand

and molecular energy on the other...

He must move quickly and surely to preserve his future...

he must realize the present...

the here and the now... right now.

An international picture-language is a tool to build that future...

MEXICO



Mexico City, August 3 (LNS) - The last four days have seen the most devastating manifestations of violence since the famous Railway and Electrical workers strike which paralyzed the country for eight days in 1958. This time the fabulous and humiliating Olympic preparations provided a reason for the violence, a demonstration of solidarity with the Cuban Revolutionary anniversary of the 26th of July was the pretext, and the students in Mexico City were the main actors in the drama. Ten years ago the nation's military force exerted immediate control and repression, the crime of "social dissolution" was created in order to send men like David Alfaro Siqueiros to prison, and Vallejo (the leader of the Railway Union) is still serving an indefinite sentence. Vallejo has been on a hunger strike since July 18th, and the eve of the current violence found the school of political science of the National University in sympathy strike with that political prisoner. "ANO DEL RIDICULO OLIMPICO"

While many of Mexico City's neighborhoods are without running water, and the general living conditions in half of them are completely intolerable, the country is spending millions of pesos on preparations for the 1968 Olympics to be held here in October. The constant show of ill spent funds is a daily humiliation. Aware of the fact that several factions of the left have demonstrations and other actions planned for October, repressive elements of the government forced premature riots this week. With the "troublemakers" safely in prison - or dead - they would be able to keep Mexico "clean" for the tourists.

A brief outline of events is as follows: On July 26th the CNED ("Central Nacional de Estudiantes Democratica," a Communist Party group) organized a march for solidarity with Cuba. The FNET ("Federacion Nacional de Estudiantes Tecnicos") a right-wing government student organization, held its own march the same day. Their expressed reason for demonstrating was in protest for an incident on Tuesday, July 23rd, in which a riot squad had entered Vocational School No. 5, injuring several students and teachers and killing one student. (Authoritative sources say that there had been some trouble in Vocational School No. 2 and the riot squad was called to, and entered, the wrong school). All informed sources, however, acknowledge the fact that the obvious reason for the FNET's march was to draw attention away from the march offering solidarity with the Cuban Revolution

ZOCALO

Both marches took place in the center of Mexico City. Things progressed in a more or less orderly nature, until a group of students from the National Polytechnical Institute decided to go to the "Zocalo" (central square, bordered by the Presidential Palace and other public buildings) to protest more forcefully for the violence which took place at the Vocational School No. 5. The FNET tried to prevent this but the Polytechnical students succeeded in getting to the Zocalo.

In the city's central square the blood bath began. Riot squads began beating the students, leaving many of them unconscious on the streets. Onlookers immediately took the students' side and began throwing flower pots and rocks, etc. at the police. This public solidarity with the students seemed a constant as regards on the spot incidents (witnessing of actual violence, incidents in which cars were stopped and people asked for money and aid, etc.) but the totally distorted press campaign has the mass of public opinion against the student protest.

All during the afternoon of July 26th the students - in various factions - and the police and riot squads battled back and forth between the Zocalo and the Hemiciclo Juarez, a monument on the Avenida Juarez some 15 blocks away. At one point a number of windows were broken in the elegant shops along the Avenida Juarez; some damage and looting took place. Later, near the Zocalo, the police confused a group of students leaving classes at the Preparatory School No. 3 with demonstrators and began stoning and beating them. The students took that as a signal to begin blocking the streets; they occupied city buses and forced them to park sideways blocking off traffic on several main arteries. They burned two buses as

well. The toll of the first day: 500 wounded, 4 in a state of coma, 3 dead and 300 arrested.

That night the School of Economics at the National Polytechnical Institute and the Preparatory School No. 3 went on strike protesting the brutality of the riot squads. It was too late for the events to have made the newspapers. The government occupied the Communist Party headquarters as well as entering many private homes and making indiscriminate arrests.

The morning of July 27th saw the beginning of what may be among the most completely fascist news campaign in recent times. The newspapers - from rightist to "liberal" chalked the violence up to a "communist plot," accused the Cuban embassy of support and accused Cubans of having taken part in the manifestations. All deaths were denied. The radio gave news of the violence, but also in a biased and partial manner. Vocational School No. 5 joined the strike, a great number of students from all over the city went to the Polytechnical Institute to discuss plans, liberate buses, etc.

Sunday the 28th saw no change in the situation, and no public action.

On Monday, July 29th, all the vocational and prevocational (equivalent to technical high schools and technical junior highs) schools in the city joined the general strike. All the preparatory (pre-university) schools joined too, with the exception of No. 5 and No. 6. Preparatory School No. 7 blocked off the Viga, a main artery of the city, with 25 buses liberated by them. Vocational School No. 7 sectioned off the whole Nonoalco area. Preparatory School No. 3 was also blocked off by students. A general meeting was called at 5:00 that afternoon in the Zocalo to protest riot squad brutality. The Zocalo was occupied by police and riot squad however, and the demonstration never took place.

The students, frustrated in their plans to demonstrate, began taking over buses and occupying - for brief times - different parts of the center of the city. Forty buses were liberated, streets were closed off, and a great deal of damage was done. It is interesting to note that, contrary to recent experiences in France and the United States (as well as other parts of Latin America) no immediate student leaders emerged during these demonstrations. Different schools and groups followed their more militant student leaders, but the violence as a whole produced no outstanding spokesmen.

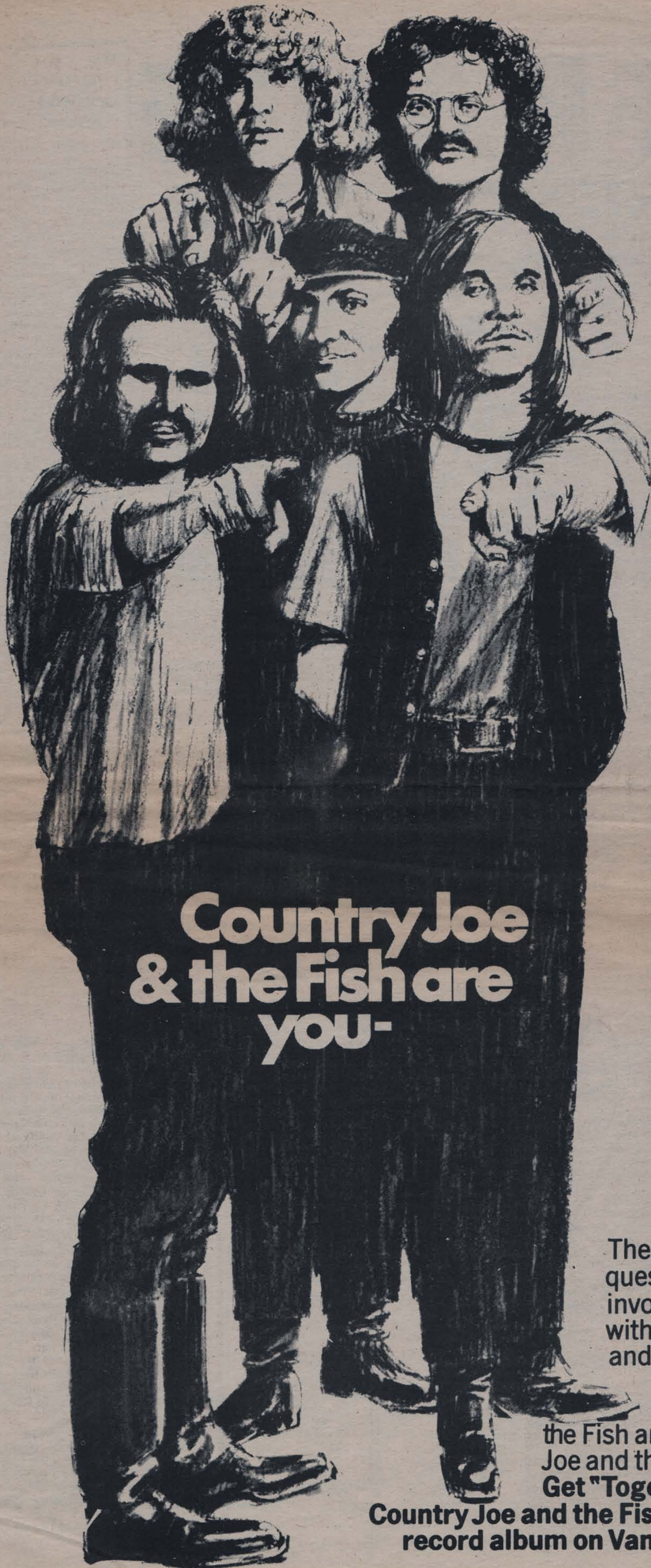
At 8:00 at night on the 29th a clash between students of the Preparatory School No. 3 and riot squads in the Zocalo blew up into little short of war. Molotov cocktails, rocks, clubs, sticks. A bus was burned. The battle lasted for four hours, and at 1 a.m. the army was called in. A bazooka was fired to break down the door of Preparatory School No. 3 occupied at that time by the students - and it was taken over by the army. Tanks and bayonet-wielding soldiers were everywhere. By this time there were arrested that night alone.

In the School of Humanities of the National University a general assembly was attended by almost the entire student body. A strike of classes was agreed upon with continuous debates, and the students asked the faculty to give them classes on the French uprising of May and June, the Columbia strike, and other recent student revolts. Fighting commissions were formed; brigades were assigned to propaganda, finances, political action, medical aid, etc., etc. Medical students at the university who tried to aid wounded students, however, were clubbed and arrested for trying to interfere. Red Cross workers suffered the same fate, and it is said one of them was killed. The repression has made an absolute body count impossible; the government seems at all costs intent on preserving their image of "sunny" Mexico for their Olympic visitors.

Although the press campaign has made it almost impossible for people outside the capital city (to say nothing of outside the country) to know the full extent of what's happened, word has been received that in the state of Tabasco students burned the PRI (Partido Revolucionario Institucional - official party) building in solidarity. Four buses of students from the state of Puebla, heading for the city, were detained.

The tone of the riots is totally anti-government. There are cries for "socialism" without, perhaps, real knowledge of what that

CONT'D ON PG23



Country Joe & the Fish are you-

The things that you are:
questioning, idealistic,
involved; concerned
with the love, the confusion
and the excitement of the life
you live today; this is
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PART TWO

FRANCE

BY
MURRAY
BOOKCHIN
ANARCHOS
MAGAZINE

Paris, July One of the most striking features of the May revolt is that it took everyone by surprise. No one to whom I've been speaking in Paris expected it. When it began, no one believed it would assume the sweeping revolutionary proportions it actually acquired.

I should add, here, that I visited France last November and spoke to some of the most theoretically advanced people on the revolutionary left. Without exception, they were convinced that French political life had receded to a nearly unprecedented low. They told me that the French people (especially the students and workers) were mired in the consumption economy, that French life had become thoroughly banalized. The students, I was told, were preoccupied with clothing, studies, and careers; the French working class, transfixed by television, cars, and the mass media. Some of the people to whom I talked, nine months ago, were so despairing of the political possibilities in France that they spoke of emigrating to the United States.

In retrospect, it is now obvious that the outward malaise of the students and workers concealed a profound disgust with the entire fabric of French society. The American bourgeois press (and, to some degree, a number of radical papers) tend to focus on economic problems as the main source of the unrest that led to the May journees. True, there has been a strangling inflation in France and, even more important, increasing unemployment; the stipends received under French scholarships are pitifully inadequate in meeting the needs of students. But most of the people to whom I have been speaking in Paris, both workers and students, declared these factors play a secondary role in accounting for the revolt. The main grievances of the students, I am told, turn around the "lack of content" in the university courses, the bureaucratic nature of university life, the complete absence of any relationship between the students and most of their teachers. They emphasize that they are being taught to become "technocrats" - mere technicians and bureaucrats in the service of French industry and the Gaullist regime.

In a sense, the same order of grievances is raised by the workers. During the general strike, many workers, when asked what they wanted, simply shrugged their shoulders and declared: "Anything that is better than the conditions that exist today." They complained about the factory environment, about their relationship with their foremen and department heads, about the dullness of their work, about its meaninglessness. They were fed up with the routine and emptiness of their lives. True, they wanted higher pay and shorter hours; but the economic emphasis given to the strike came from the CGT, the Communist-controlled union federation, which systematically tried to divert the workers' demands from revolutionary into reformist channels.

The steady impoverishment of French life can be summed up in the word "Gaullism" - an immense, technocratic bureaucratic state system that invades every aspect of society. The dead hand of the system is felt in urban life, in morals, in culture, in taste, in the most intimate aspects of day-to-day existence. Paris is being turned into a tourist museum by Malreax, surrounded on its outskirts by a ring of drab, ugly superblocks. The life of the quarters, which made Paris a traditional center of intense, vital neighborhood activity, has been eroding steadily. Homes are replaced by hotels, the old, colorful, cafes give way to garish American-style luncheonettes, the streets are congested with automobile traffic, the air is filled with fumes and mechanical noises. The quality goods that made France the pacesetter of taste for centuries are yielding to shabby, poorly manufactured garbage; the excitement that marked urban life is reaching the insensate, dehumanizing pace one encounters in New York.



French youth are fed up with paternalism and with attempts to manipulate their lives by an uncomprehending older generation. DeGaulle has carried this feature of family life into the state and the entire social arena. Police have been interfering on an increasing scale with what the French can read, see, and do; and it was their invasion of the Nanterre annex and the Sorbonne that finally catapulted student unrest into open revolt.

"Nanterre" is a new, "modern" annex of the University of Paris, thrown up in a drab working class suburb of the capital to cope with the student flood that has thoroughly congested the French University system. The annex holds about 12,000 students. Most "chronologies" of the May events reach back to the student demonstrations that exploded in Paris last April. Actually, student activity began much earlier, in November, when sociology students and their teachers held a sit-in to discuss and protest the impersonality of student-teacher relations in French schools.

The ferment was taken up again in December by a handful of Nanterre anarchists, who began to engage in "guerrilla" activities on the campus. This group, (the first to call itself ENRAGES - or "madmen" - in honor of Jacques Roux and the radical street agitators of the Great Revolution) began to give the university those needed jabs that stirred scores of students into activity. They were intentionally provocative and overbearing. They deliberately insulted the students, the professors, and the Administration, and painted superbly outrageous slogans on the university walls. By January, the work of the ENRAGES and of anarchists associated with Danny Cohn-Bendit had acquired a common focus; it soon became known that plain clothes detectives were being stationed on the campus and that the school administration was compiling a black list of the radical action. These issues came to a head in January when the ENRAGES and their allies photographed the plain clothesmen, placed their pictures on placards, and paraded through the university corridors demanding the removal of the detectives and the destruction of the list. The parade disrupted classes; professors began to get into fights with the paraders; and Dean Grappin, now thoroughly alarmed, phoned for aid from the gendarmerie. Three cars of uniformed police appeared on the Nanterre campus - the first time since the German occupation that the inviolability of a French university had been transgressed by police forces. The presence of the gendarmerie thoroughly infuriated the students. Several hundred students flocked to the aid of the ENRAGES and the gendarmerie were ousted. From that point onward, political activity on the

Nanterre campus was given de facto recognition by the administration and the annex became a major source of student unrest in the Paris area.

Every issue in politics and university life rose to the surface: the content of the discussions in classrooms, the regulation prohibiting boys from visiting girls' dormitories (a particularly onerous piece of bureaucratic stupidity that had been agitating all French universities), the Vietnam war, the Gaullist syndrome in French society. The ENRAGES and other anarchist groups had already demanded that attendance at formal classes be optional; now, they interrupted classes and held stormy, provocative demonstrations in the university corridors. This continual "flip-out" produced an overheated atmosphere and the annex became a target of rightist press attacks and violent threats by "Occident," a fascist movement.

PRELUDE TO THE BARRICADES: On March 21st, members of the "Grass Roots Vietnam Committees" staged a violent demonstration at the American Express building in Paris. On the following day, six participants in the demonstration were arrested. At five in the afternoon, students broke away from their classes and invaded the large amphitheater of Nanterre in order to determine how they should deal with the arrests. Some 600 students participated. These included not only anarchists and a large number of politically unaffiliated people, but also individual dissidents from Trotskyist, Maoist, and Communist groups - groups which had largely denounced the ENRAGES and anarchists as "provocateurs." It was at this assembly that the students decided to form the March 22nd movement, a loosely organized anarchic group that was to play one of the most active roles in the May revolt.

By mid-April, events began to build up rapidly: a demonstration on April 19th that collected 2,000 students in support of German SDS; another, three days later, that gathered 5,000 against the Vietnam war. On April 25, the Union of Communist Students invited Pierre Juquin, a Communist deputy and member of the Central Committee, to speak on "Communist solutions to the University crisis." Juquin was evasive, pompous, and overbearing in his response to student questions. On declaring, at one point, that the "Communist Party was the only revolutionary party in France," Juquin suddenly found himself facing irate Maoist students, who began advancing toward him in a menacing fashion. He took to his heels in terror. The event is important because it completely demolished the mystique of the Communist Party on the campus and undermined the prestige of the Communist student organization.

On April 28th, 200 members of the "Grass Roots Vietnam Committees" sacked an exhibition organized by reactionaries in support of South Vietnam. That evening, "Occident" issued a vitriolic communique, threatening violent reprisals against the "Bolshevik vermin." Four days later, on May 2nd, a raiding party of reactionaries broke into the empty meeting place of a literary organization in the Sorbonne, smashing furniture, ripping out a gas pipe, and setting off a smoke bomb. In Nanterre, the March 22nd movement had set May 2nd aside as an "anti-imperialist day" - day-long discussions and actions on Vietnam - but the threat of a fascist attack, coupled with the Sorbonne raid in the morning, prompted all the campus organizations to establish "defense units." Spotters were placed on roofs of the University and in corridors. With tension reaching a fever pitch, Dean Grappin closed down the Nanterre annex indefinitely.

The next day, on May 3, nearly a thousand students gathered in the Sorbonne courtyard to protest the closing of Nanterre. Reinforced by Nanterre students, they also formed defense units to deal with the danger of a fascist attack. This danger, in fact, was not a myth. A hundred "Occident" demonstrators, armed with clubs and led by veteran paratroopers of the Algerian and Vietnam wars, tried to attack the Sorbonne. They were turned back by police who had appeared earlier at the university and had completely surrounded the students inside. In the afternoon, it was discovered that the police were not permitting anyone to leave or enter the Sorbonne. The word had begun to spread through the Latin Quarter that the university rector had summoned police units to attack and arrest the students in the courtyard. Thousands of people, students and non-students, began to appear outside the Sorbonne, and to divert the main police thrust against the students inside, decided to engage in a battle with the newly arrived police reinforcements. Violent fighting swept through the university environs but the police, breaking into the building, attacked and arrested the students in the courtyard.

The following day, May 6th was marked again by clashes between police and thousands of student demonstrators who were protesting prison sentences meted out to arrested students and the summoning of a university disciplinary board to deal with Cohn-Bendit and seven other students. Police, occupying strategic areas of the Latin Quarter, had placed the district under virtual siege. On May 7th, 40,000 students marched from the Latin Quarter to the Champs-Elysees; spontaneous sit-ins occurred in front of the Sorbonne on the following day, culminating that evening in an enormous public meeting at the Hall of the Mutualite. By Friday May 10th, student demonstrations had swept into the provinces and, in Paris, thousands of students, finding their demonstrations hemmed in by police, decided to occupy and liberate the Latin Quarter. Ringed in by heavy police contingents, the students began to raise barricades and prepare for a confrontation.

The journeys of May had begun. (The second article of a series).

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THE ROOTN' TROTIN' RADICALS

BEING A PLAY WITH NO (MENTIONABLE) ACTS by WALT CROWLEY

The Characters:

THE GIRL: An experienced agitator in the advanced stages of cynicism. One bra strap is always visible. She strokes her thighs when ever making a significant point. She's hard as nails.
THE ORGANIZER: A dedicated radical in search for a mandate. His mind is like a trap, I. E., impossible to open once it has closed.

THE INITIATE: Just a youngster. He doesn't understand that nobody else does either.

THE QUIET GUY: Calm, cool and collective, his is the voice of reason. He doesn't say much because he is nursing a bad ulcer.

THE HOST: He fell asleep two hours ago.

MALE PROP & FEMALE PROP: They represent the radicalized masses.

THE CHORUS: All of the above, plus Leroi Jones and 1200 head of sheep on jug and washboard, respectively.

NOTE: All of the characters except Leroi Jones and some of the sheep are white.

The Setting:

The characters have assembled to plan a demonstration at the Pubic Safety Building in sympathy with a jailed Black Radical. They are gathered in the basement of a house in Laurelhurst. It is furnished in Early American Rec-Room, CURTAIN RISES (The characters enter Right and seat themselves around a large coffee table. In the background the "Mummers" can be heard singing the Internationale)

The following initials for the above characters will be: GI, OR, IN, QG, HO & CH.

MP: Hostess Coffeecake and Minutemaid Rhubarb Juice.

FP: What's on television? (pointing to basement window)

MP: Say, did you watch the convention.

FP: Yea, they nominated Spiro Agnew Vice-President.

CH: Sounds Jewish.

MP: No. I mean the Peace and Freedom Party!

FP: Yea, the Republicans...

OR: (Shuffles through papers scattered over coffee table. He begins to write furiously. He is practicing his signature)... N-I-Z-E-R...

CH: Sounds Jewish.

OR: (forcefully) As I visualize the task before us we must determine the form this confrontation will take and further, whom we are to confront...

MP: We must put our bodies on the line!

FP: We must bear witness!

CH: And teach those Honkie Pigs a lesson... we'll never forget!

IN: I put my body on the line once.

FP: Gee, What happened?

IN: Got drafted.

FP: Wow, what'd you do then?

IN: I bared witness to my draft board.

FP: And...

IN: Permanently disqualified for military service, and a morals charge.

OR: (louder)... and beyond that ensure both a radicalizing experience for our own people and a good press image.

IN: Good Press Image!?

QG: Money grows on liberals, not trees.

IN: But why a "confrontation" style of demonstration

CH: (with sympathetic amusement) He's new but he'll learn.

OR: (unamused) Please, you weren't at the Other Meetings. A confrontation has already been approved...

IN: (undaunted) But why?

CH: To Teach Them They can't arrest Black Radicals and get away with it!

IN: Oh... Was someone arrested, I didn't understand...

OR: Obviously. Now we can proceed. As I visualize our task...

IN: But how will we confront them?

MP: By putting our bodies on the line...

FP: And being arrested, maybe even brutalized!

IN: What good will that do?

FP: My uncle is a bondsman.

IN: But what will the demonstration accomplish?

GI: (with some frustration, stroking thighs) Now wait right there, baby. Have you ever heard of a demonstration accomplishing anything?

IN: Well... Right off-hand... er...

GI: What do you want, sweetheart--to break with tradition?

IN: No, I just thought...

GI: You want the revolution tomorrow! Huh, baby?

IN: Well, it would be nice...

MP: (horrified) Tomorrow! But we have to build the Movement!

IN: Why have a movement if...

OR: (exasperated) You are disrupting this meeting! We have a demonstration to plan and no time for abstractions!!

MP: (in tears) But I want to have a movement...

QG: Through the hall, second door on the left.

CH: When we break wind they'll hear it in Chicago!

QG: Perhaps I can clarify the issue. A Black Radical has been busted. We must demonstrate our solidarity with the Black People by confronting the Establishment. When we confront the Establishment we demonstrate the essential racism of the police force. Thereby we demonstrate both the racism in the Establishment and the need for Black control of their own community. We also further radicalize the Black People by demonstrating the viability of political confrontation.

IN: Will it help free the guy in jail?

QG: No. That is the reason for the demonstration not the purpose of the confrontation. Understand?

IN: Then our purpose is...

QG: Control of their own community by a radicalized Black People.

IN: But what do they want

QG: When radicalized they'll want what we want

IN: And we want...

QG: (A) Control of the Black Community

MP: (B) To build the Movement

FP: (C) To put our bodies on the line

GI: (D) All of the above

CH: (E) None of the above

OR: This is getting us nowhere! We still have to decide whether to confront the City Council or the Mayor. Now as I visualize it, I propose the Mayor.

GI: No, I think the City Council makes a better--and larger--target. Our aim hasn't been so hot lately, if you'll recall.

OR: But the Council might be polite and our confrontation would never come off.

MP: We must put our bodies on...

GI: Listen, Charlie, you put your body where ever you please, but I say hit the Council!

OR: The Council will just refer us to a committee. It has to be the Mayor!

GI: He can do the same thing.

OR: (vehemently) The Mayor! We must destroy the Mayor!

GI: Why him! One good reason why!

OR: Because he is a racist pig... Because...

GI: We're attacking a system not an individual!

OR: He's a fascist dog... a fat... loathsome...

GI: Hey, get hold of yourself, boy!

OR: Ugly... I Hate Him, hate, hate... (almost sobbing).

GI: Why

OR: Hate... (a little closer to sobbing) hate him... because... Daddy! (sobbing)... He's my daddy...

GI: Well we all have our cross to bear.

OR: (muttering between sobs) hate... daddy... hate...

GI: (consoling him) That's right have a good cry. And when it's all over we'll put it in historical perspective... won't that be nice?

OR: Don't Touch Me! You filthy Trotskyist!

GI: (shocked) You're calling me a Trot. Me who's been like a mother to you...

OR: (viciously) Yes you--Trot! You're a spy for the SWP!

GI: You shut up, you... you Second International Counterrevolutionary Betrayer of the Proletariat!

OR: Drop dead, you Ultra-Left wing Anarchist Destroyer of the Revolution!

GI: You Stalinist Usurper of the World Revolutionary Masses!

OR: You Traitor to the Socialist Fatherland!

GI: You Chauvinist Militarist!

OR: You Imperialist Dupe!

GI: You Fascist Pig!

OR: You Communist Dog!

GI: You Nazi!

OR: You Jew!

GI: You son of a bitch!

OR: You bitch!

GI: You... you... you win.

OR: You Jane, me...

CH: What good is a revolution without general copulation so...

Put Your Body on the line and bear witness and build a Movement today and let's have a confrontation. (CHORUS EXITS LEFT).

IN: But what is the purpose? (Remains center stage)

CURTAIN

A recording of various jam sessions: one side of the lp features Mike Bloomfield of the now defunct Flag and Kooper of the now defunct Blood, Sweat and Tears; the other side features Kooper with Steve Stills, guitarist for the now defunct Buffalo Springfield. Bloomfield and Kooper cut "Grape Jam," an lp based on a similar idea, a while ago with backing from members of Moby Grape: both are mainly instrumental with long, easy solos and, of course, minimal arranging.

"Supersession" is a lot more successful than "Jam" however. The latter used the band as a sort of drone for the solos—I enjoyed the record at first, but quickly grew bored; on "Super" the musicians interact, and support each other far more. Bloomfield's side is consistently good.

Stills is a simpler guitarist than Bloomfield, but he and Kooper work well together, and produce a good "You Don't Love Me" and an excellent "Season of the Witch," with organ and wah-wah in an ominous 11-minute dance. It's a good record—more natural than the carefully engineered recordings of most of even the best rock groups, but more cohesive than the "live at" rock records which tend to lose something in being translated onto records.

IN MY OWN DREAM' Butterfield, EKS 74025

The album continues in the direction of Pigboy Crabshaw with saxes, trumpet, etc. The personnel on the album, as a matter of fact, are the same as on the last lp. I missed Butterfield the last time he was in town (being busy and rather disappointed by his showing the time before) however I was told that his band had been considerably rearranged—a new, good, very young lead guitarist replacing Bishop among other things. Possibly the album is from an old tape; the notes a clever.

I don't particularly like the record; there are a couple of good cuts (Get Yourself Together is a nice soul piece with a good talking introduction) but for the most part, the album is rather unexciting soul with the instruments turned up to rock-predominance, and most cuts a little too long. Butterfield can no longer be accused of being a folk musician copying the Chicago bluesmen, which probably saves him a lot of hassle from Ralph Gleason, but he still hasn't done anything to match Look Over Yonders Wall, or Mystery Train since he did them.

LIFE, Sly and the Family Stone, BN 26397

Sly (Stone) and the Family Stone are a spade rock group from SF, and I keep hearing that they're very good live. Not only nearly overshadowing Hendrix when they played at the same concert in New York, but actually getting a who auditorium full of SF rock listeners spontaneously ON THEIR FEET AND MOVING. The record, however, is rather unexciting—tight, competent soul instrumentals, but rather tame, and (with the exception of one chick—unnamed on the lp, but I believe Sly's sister) vocally lightweight for a black group.

The lyrics are mostly very weak, flower-liche things. I'm Into My Own Thing doesn't say anything but that, and Plastic Jim is about a man who isn't cool or hip or anything at all!!! In Front, "plastic people" exist only in the minds of teenie boppers who dropped out of school before they could learn to put down bourgeois philistines and the unacceptable. The Chamber Brothers have the only groovy black "rock" record out that I know of, and it's mostly soul. And groovy.

UNDEAD, Ten Years After, DES 18016

A "live" album, and a good one for the most part. Ten Years After is a British jazz-influenced blues group; they put out another lp about six months ago which I

heard bits of, and liked, but it didn't seem to catch on.

Vocally they show strong traces of Howlin' Wolf (to a lesser extent Jimmy Reed, and briefly, Jerry Lee Lewis) and musically they range from a jazzman Woody Herman's Woodchopper's Ball, and Summertime, to solid blues—including a lovely cut entitled I'm Going Home. They tend to get extremely flashy in places (they are very dextrous) and they sometimes come closer to an exhibition than to really play for music.

Their version of Summertime suffers rather badly from being turned into a sharp, driving showpiece—it ends up being neither Gershwin's laid-back piece or a solid enough piece of hard rock to justify the changes. Still, in places it's a very good record.

FROM BIG PINK, SKAO (Capitol)

This is a late review—I couldn't get hold of the record for long enough to do it last issue. By now you've probably heard or read a review elsewhere, but anyway, it's an incredibly good record. Maybe the best record by a new group in a couple of years, and of the stature of Bringing It All Back Home/Rubber Soul/ or Out of Our Heads.

Big Pink (or whatever they call themselves—Big Pink is actually a house in

upstate New York belonging to Albert Grossman, Dylan's manager) was at one time Dylan's backup group, going on tours with him, and more recently cutting a tape of Dylan singing unreleased material which was sent to various groups who might want to record something of Dylan's.

A couple of the songs on the lp were written by Dylan, and a third was written in collaboration with one of the group. The band's own songs are easily the closest thing to bona fide Dylanesque songs in existence. The lyrics are strung together by an attitude rather than a theme, consisting of connotations with a concrete denotation rarely used or needed. Once in a while an almost definite statement about a situation occurs:

"Tar & feather Thistles & thorns,
One or the other,
Be kindly warned,"

but more frequently the images are surreal statements of atmosphere, and often biblical:

"I pulled into Nazareth,
Feel' about half-past dead,
I just need some place
To lay my weary head.
Say mister can you tell me
Where a man can find a bed?
He just smiled and shook my hand,
No was all he said."

The style is kept from being second-hand first, by being very well written—the lines are sharp and new—and secondly because somebody has an incredibly true, raw voice, there's no question of "getting away" with being like Dylan; they just make something beautiful, lay it down and that's it.

Musically they're the first of the rock groups to take C & W and bend it till they have something original; Buffalo Springfield and Spoonful stayed in a C & W idiom, with minor adaptations; even JW Harding is unique only because the backing fits Dylan, who is unique, so tightly. The arrangements are credited to Grossman, so it's impossible to trace what came from where, but the effect is a country version of the carnival-parody backing of 61 Revisited, but far more controlled and with a subtle interplay between the instruments which are members of a group rather than simply a backing. The individual instruments are subordinate only to the whole sound, rather than a superstar. (Bloomfield, incidentally, commented in a review that 61 Revisited—Bloomfield's first studio gig—was recorded with almost no central direction—just do something and support the crazy fella up there with the harmonica.)

Anyway, the words are intense and right, the music is a lyrical caricature and it's a beautiful album!



CUNNICK

LOTUS AMONG THE METAL EATERS.....

(Late at night & wet & dark, Gold begins to reminisce upon nearly two centuries of parrot life.)

We traced the fewmet scents of Time
Beneath the sewer lines,
With all the Golden Animals,
(We loved Sweet Anodyne),
And she had dropped a scarf or two,
Which lingered in our Mind.

The gila monster, Squamulose,
Scratch-scratched across the floor,
("Scratch," the sound his toenails made,
And "scratch," the scales he wore.)
And tho the rest were sore afraid,
He'd been that way before.

And head to head and end to end
At night our bodies laid,
While my dreams dreamed of Squamulose,
And he and I engaged
Whilst spinning down the Nautilus
In bright Harliquinade.

But back to good Queen Anodyne,
We soon espied her bird,
With Amanita in his beak,
He dropped. We begged, "The Word!"
--"O Dedaclus hath built a Bank
"To house the Taurine Turd."

And Everyone was overjoyed
At having heard the line:
By Delphic ambiguity
Shall you know Anodyne.
(But soon the bird retired, and we
Were left inside the mine.)

Yet down & down & DOWN we went,
And Squamulose grew grey,
For it was long since he had seen
The Light of desert day.
O sometimes he'd hallucinate--
Tho what I couldn't say.

When once we camped beside a lake,
(A dreadful place & dark)
We came upon a muttering
Old Seal heresiarch
Who sat all day upon his nose,
(Quite muffling his bark).

And Squamulose asked that old Seal
Where Anodyne now played,
For once he'd seen her dancing
In quite a different cave,
But Seal just shook his head & said
--"She shall remain a Maid."

As we continued on our way,
(And all were slightly green),
Each of the Golden Animals
Swore that he didn't mean,
Under any circumstances
To PENETRATE the Queen.

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good sailor, boyd.

Catch-22 was something called a NOVEL, a quaint relic of the Black-and-white, monaural pre-McLuhan epoch. The creator of this tome, Joseph Heller, was at pains to delight us with a hideously comic depiction of the logically insane US military establishment. From this genre, arm in arm with Good Soldier Schweik, comes Good Sailor Boyd E. Collings, a real person.

Boyd is a 22-year old Fireman-recruit (naval yard bird) at Pier 91 doing a two year hitch as an activated reservist. Even though he entered the Navy in early May, he still has one year & 11 months to serve. Being a onetime Physics major at WWSC, he can explain Naval math. "Brig time doesn't count on your enlistment and I've been under arrest or in the brig or waiting trial or confined or escaped the whole time except for my single week of bootcamp and a two week 'cruise' on a ship that never left the dock," says Boyd, a large youth with the dazed expression of an earthquake survivor. "So far, I've been charged with desertion, escaping confinement, failing to report for duty, refusing a direct order, and several counts of AWOL. I may have left something out. I've had two special courts martial and some other kind of trial. A special is second severest military court, next to a general court. One of the judges was asleep during special one, but they found me guilty any way. I walked out the gate a few minutes later and spent 12 days thinking. When I went back, they gave me another special and this time the officer who was my first prosecutor was my defense attorney. He was batting .500 with me.

"After they found me guilty again, someone higher up pointed out the first conviction was no good because my order plainly read that I had until midnight to report to my unit, but the unit closed at 3 pm so there was no one to report to, as I tried to explain at the time... You'd think they could read, at least..." "The base psychiatrist said I was an aggressive-passive & recommended I get out as psychologically unfit, but he did it orally. No one has any record of it. I saw him later in the brig, where he was also the official doctor, but he didn't seem to recognize me as his patient. He seemed like a different person. I'm going back to see him in his role as psychiatrist and my role as Fireman-recruit and try to get him to write something out...

"When I went to the brig the second time, I had some books--Mill, Camus, William James--and some ACLU material. I like to ask WHY, and I was interested in the ACLU. The Warden said: 'Another one of those (groan), ' and confiscated the books, which I finally got sans ACLU material. All my Navy clothes were in another barracks and after 12 days or so, they ordered me to buy another seabag of clothes for \$64. I told them where my clothes were, but they said I'd had 10 days to get my clothes and they'd throw me in solitary if I didn't buy some more. I've never even worn most of my original clothes--you wear dungarees in the brig--so I told the legal officer and my clothes appeared right away. They seemed to think it was my duty to break out of the brig and get my clothes...

"Once I collapsed doing pushups and they charged me with disobeying the order to do pushups and put me in solitary, which we call 'Slam.' In Slam they turn on the heat, so you spend your time lying on the floor breathing under the door. I got over my terror of jail and disgrace in Slam... Jail is a game, like non-jail...

"Actually the brig here is famous all over as a good place to be, because the guards are not Marines but Sailors. Guys will hitchhike up from Cal. and turn themselves in here. There was one prisoner we called 'Hero' who left the Navy and joined the Army and fought in Vietnam for a long time. They're giving him a general for desertion. He says he's going to fight for the Viet Cong next time...

"They give you an indoctrination course and a test before you become a true brig-rat. The test is so you admit you know the brig rules and if you keep failing it, they throw you in Slam till you pass. An old salt gave us a talk and asked what we'd tell our kids when they wanted to know what father had done during The War. All the guards seemed to have disordered personalities one way or another. They volunteer for it...

"I didn't meet any political rebels. They're just guys who can't take it anymore and want to go back to their homes and wives. They want to be people again. They'll take any kind of discharge. At first I hoped for a medical discharge, but now I'll take anything, too. I told all the courts I felt I could do more good for the country on the outside than sitting in the brig being guarded by people who could also do more good somewhere else, but they just smile and say: Stick It Out, Like We did!

"And I'd sooner be in the brig than wandering around uselessly on the base. I can encourage the other rats and try to reason them out of their bitterness. Quite a few say they're going to college as a result of the service. They want to know WHY."

by Gene Johnston

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I am Art DeWitt, a Peace and Freedom Candidate, running on the Democratic ticket for the U.S. Senate for the second time. I opposed Senator Jackson four years ago.

My platform has not changed since then but times, opinions and problems certainly have.

THE ANSWER IS STILL "YES" ON ALL FOUR OF THE FOLLOWING:

(1) A reopening of the Kennedy assassination and release of all pertaining documents held in the National Archives under Presidential decree for seventy five years.

Chief Justice Warren has publicly stated that the documents would probably not be made public in our lifetime due to the fact they might endanger 'national security.'

In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post (3/26/68) there is an article by Researcher Wise, who has managed to pry loose a few of these classified documents.

I challenge anyone to show me where there is any matter in any of them that could even be slightly related to national security although I can easily see where by withholding these facts the case against Lee Harvey Oswald Jr. became much more firmly established in the public mind.

Of course there is the possibility that the real assassin or assassins and the mind behind the atrocity might feel the people would revolt in natural revulsion against a group guilty of such a terrible act. This of course would endanger national security with the possibility of open revolt. Think about it. Incidentally Sen. Jackson just recently concluded the assassination might have been the result of a conspiracy although national polls show that over one half the people doubt the Warren Report. Jackson is the first U.S. Congressman to oppose the 'Establishment' on this matter. (See letters in my store windows at 1st & Spring Sts. from Senators Magnuson & Jackson regarding wanton killing.)

(2) Legalize Marijuana NOW. At this time it gives an excuse for law enforcement officials to make headline arrests on Pot Busts while killer drugs like morphine, heroin, etc., are too easily available at national syndicate levels making it possible for enormous payoffs to syndicate heads and their flunkies--some of whom have held high establishment offices for a lifetime.

(3) Reduce legal age of minors from 21 to 18. If they are old enough to be sent to their deaths for their country, they certainly should be allowed to vote for it.

(4) Get out of Viet-Nam! This was my key theme four years ago. It still is today. My opponent, Senator Warren Magnuson, acts as though he had an interest in Boeing and might be in line for some profit every time one of those \$500 million dollar jobs of the taxpayers' money is shot down.

At any rate both he and Jackson have backed Johnson in the Escalation of the war in Viet-Nam.

ARTHUR C. DEWITT

Candidate for U.S. Senate, 1st & Spring St., Seattle, Wn.

HOMOSEXUALS RESIST

Homosexuals are secretly being drafted into the Armed Forces even though they do not "measure up" to the medical, mental and moral standards established by the Defense Department, and even though at pre-induction screenings they must report their homosexual tendencies to the government under penalty of perjury, and even though they are likely to get a stigmatizing dishonorable discharge after induction.

The homosexual is thus boxed in, and, in consequence, we urge all homosexuals who declare themselves at induction centers to resist military conscription and to appeal 1-A classifications until such time as the Defense Department issues a public policy change regarding their fitness. If homosexuals are to be drafted we insist that it be done according to a uniform national standard rather than by a secret directive to local induction center personnel.

Every homosexual has a right and a duty to refuse induction.

We invite all inquiries on how to resist.

COMMITTEE TO FIGHT EXCLUSION OF HOMOSEXUALS FROM THE ARMED FORCES

LOS ANGELES HEADQUARTERS:

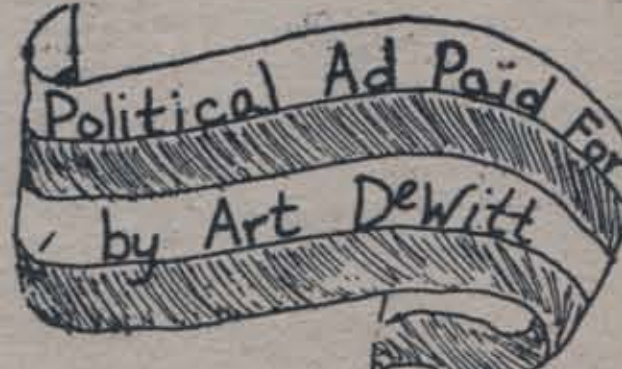
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Los Angeles, California 90028



This newspaper is proud to announce the betrothal of Larry "Lee" Graham to Marsha. Lee plays with a pop music group called the Crome Syrcus and his fiancée works in a sandal shop in Northbeach, San Francisco's Bohemian section. The date is set for Sept. 7; after which the couple will reside in San Francisco. Lee is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Yakima, Wash.



EUGENE
Mc CARTHY

for

President

ART
DeWITT

for

U.S. Senate

NOTICE

JERRY HEEDEN's FRIENDS

Jerry is going to be in the hospital for a while. We all hope it will be just a short stay. He does need help with a few odds and ends. We have all heard the phrase, "Any spare change?" Well, here is one that could use it. Contributions can be left at the Helix office or Dwane's Pan Cake Land. Thanks.

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STYLE and FASHION CLOTHING for the HIP DRESSER

San Remo boots Verde shoes

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WITH: DUMPTRUCK BABY

CUNNICK

Sitting on the floor, subtle and marine, examining the cigarette-ash-strewn objects on my periphery.... Do Black radicals have an equivalent of "Up against the wall, motherfucker!?" Or could it be just another bit of Black Culture assimilated by alienated White AmericanEtc? Maybe Rupert Brook (R. Mass.), tripping his midnite Bance Russe, murmurs the magic phrase to his oval mirror... OBSCENITY: Towards A Definition of the New Homme Moyen Sensuel, one evening & high, reading Naked Lunch, I came upon an advertising insert for Evergreen Review; sandwiched between black beaks sucking soft drinks and the viscera strewn floor of Doc Bill, in huge block letters: DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO JOIN THE UNDERGROUND? s'pose not, huh.... The slick magazines seem to have pretty much given up publishing inside accounts of the fine distinctions between Acid-rock & Psychedelic-Rock, Folk-Raga- et al., tho whether because they've learned that category-rock has a Level of Being approximating peyote addiction or, because 94% of the Nation finally memorized the distinctions, I don't know.... I recently saw an article (letter to an Editor, I think) by a tru-blu liberal suggesting that We Older People Would Do Well to Listen to the Message of Acid-Rock Groups Like the Doors -- HEY, ITS NOT ALL THE IDEALISM OF YOUTH, I MEAN SOMETIMES EVEN US KIDS CAN GET A LITTLE DEPRAVED.... Ed Sanders, of the Peace Eye Bookstore, Fugs etc. commented in a recent interview that rock lyrics are giving american youth a false sense of Contemporary Poetry, missing out on all the speech rhythms of free verse AND I AM SO STILL THE AVANT-GARDE! He suggests Cream as an example of good contemporary rock lyric writing and I'm standing there writing WHAAAT? on my favorite wall. ...No one's being is truly encompassed by "PIG," and Jesus christ children, watch out for the radicals or you'll lose your head for sure..... JUST THEN A BOLT OF LIGHTENING STRUCK/ THE COURTHOUSE OUT OF SHAPE,/ AND WHILE EVERYBODY KNELT TO PRAY,/ THE DRIFTER DID ESCAPE.....

You make out better at both ends



FAT
HUMMING
BIRD

EASY
CHAIR

JUGGER-
NAUT

INTER-
NATIONAL
BRICK

FIDDLER

PUNCH

DOOMS-
DAY
REFRESH-
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OTHERWISE.

LARRY HEALD
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94937

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Pt. Reyes, Cal.
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SEND
TO

POSITIVE

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HAVE IT.

(any size, shape,
length, etc.)



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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WEL...
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ing by the end of AUGUST.

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UN-CLASSIFIED

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(8)

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